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WOMEN'S

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H.M.A.S. SYDNEY



Elizabeth Cooke's latest creations from the KRAFT KITCHEN

Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft's famous Cookery and Nutrition expert, spends all her time creating and perfecting new cheese recipes. Here are just two — straight from the Kraft Kitchen.

Savoury French Beans

2 tablesp. butter or margarine; 4 tablesp. flour; 2 cups milk; 6 oz. Kraft Cheese, shredded; salt and pepper; 3 cups hot, cooked, seasoned French beans; 2 hard cooked eggs, coarsely chopped; 1/3 cup grated onion.

Make a cream sauce with the butter or margarine, flour and milk. Add three-quarters of the cheese and stir until it is smoothly melted. Season with salt and pepper. Place the hot beans on a platter and cover with the cheese sauce. Sprinkle with chopped egg and onion, then with remainder of the cheese. Grill under a low flame just long enough to melt the cheese. Garnish with parsley. Serves 4.

KEEP THIS IN MIND. Your cooking will always taste better and look more appetising when you use Kraft Cheese. It melts easier, cooks more evenly, tastes *extra* delicious.



Kraft Cheese Omelette

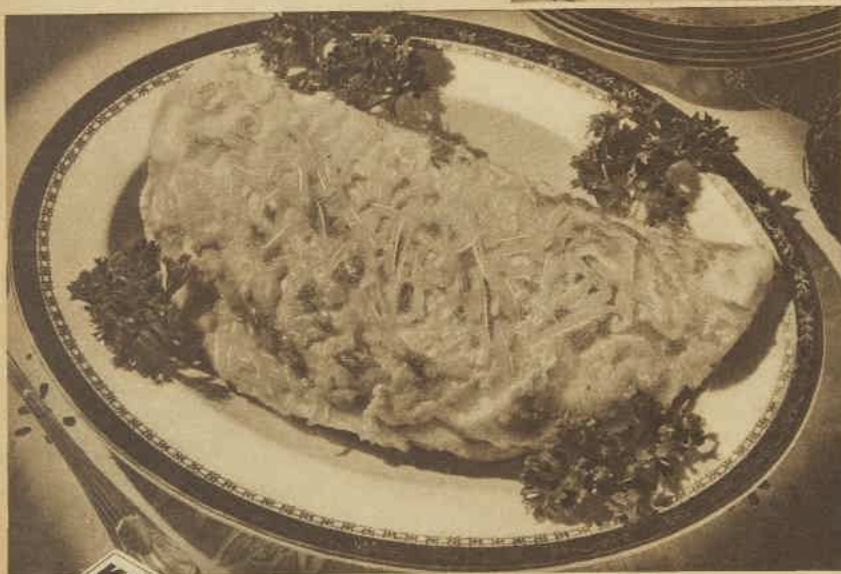
4 eggs; 1 cup milk; salt, pepper; 2 tablespoons butter or margarine; 1 cup shredded Kraft Cheese.

Beat up two whole eggs and two yolks. Add milk and seasonings. Fold in remaining egg whites, stiffly beaten. Pour into a frying pan in which butter has been melted. Cook very slowly. When one half is done, sprinkle with 2/3 of the shredded cheese, fold over, and sprinkle top with remainder of cheese. Place in a slow oven or under low grill. Heat until the top is cooked and delicately browned. Serve at once with Strawberry or some other conserve. Serves 6.

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KRAFT CHEESE

tastes better because it's BLENDED BETTER.

DEAR MISS PHILLIPS

By
LOUIS PAUL

DEAR Miss Phillips:
We have your note of May 29 in regard to the Cantrell Baby Grand piano which you purchased from our city showroom recently. If you will call Mr. Thornquist, our service manager, I am sure he will be happy to take care of your complaint.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3rd.

Dear Mr. Jones:

Thank you for your letter of May 30. However, I am preparing to play a Chopin Polonaise at my brother's graduation exercises on June 26, and when I called your Mr. Thornquist, he informed me that a mechanic could not fix the piano until June 24. What would you suggest?

Sincerely yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips.

Dear Miss Phillips:

We would very much like to adjust this matter to your satisfaction, but you have not made it clear just what is wrong with your Cantrell. If you can tell me exactly what the trouble is, I will get in touch with our Mr. Thornquist and explain the situation to him.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3rd.

Dear Mr. Jones:

Thank you for your prompt reply. However, if I knew what was the matter with the piano I would probably know enough to fix it myself. It seems to me that a new piano should be in perfect condition when it is sold to a customer.

We bought this instrument in good faith. But no sooner did I start to practise on it than a funny noise began coming out of the middle of it.

It is a noise that is not easy to describe. It sounds something like—well, like the squech of a pair of wet shoes. This is particularly annoying, as a Chopin Polonaise is a composition that is supposed to be inspiring, but on the Cantrell it is just plain soggy.

Unless I can practise it unaccompanied by the march of squechy shoes, I shall certainly not be able to do justice to it at my brother's graduation.

Please tell your Mr. Thornquist that this is a matter of considerable importance to me and my family.

Sincerely yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips.

Dear Miss Phillips:

The difficulty you are having with your piano is most regrettable, and we can thoroughly understand your annoyance.

Personally, I have never heard of a Cantrell which sounded like soggy shoes, nor has my father, who has been with Cantrell and Company for more than thirty years.

However that may be, I have had another talk with Mr. Thornquist, service manager in our city showroom. When I told him the nature of your complaint, he informed me a mechanic would be available to you on June 24, the date specified.

While we all sympathise with your desire to prepare yourself for your brother's graduation on June 26, it is impossible to favor you over those others who also desire service on their instruments.

Hoping you will understand our position in this matter, I remain,

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3rd.

Dear Mr. Jones:

I won't thank you for your letter of June 7.

A sound came from Helen's piano like the squech of a pair of wet shoes.



If the time element weren't the main consideration, I would certainly place this in the hands of an attorney. But it is already June 8, and I am getting absolutely nowhere with the Polonaise, particularly with the bass fingering—three octaves below middle C, the sound in our Cantrell changes from one of squechy shoes to dull grunts that resemble an elephant with a hacking cough.

Our old piano had its finish marred by wet glasses, but at least a person could get music out of it.

It is unfortunate that you decided to bring your father's name into the discussion, because it is perfectly evident that he has no pride either in the way his pianos are made or in the way his children are brought up.

Your talk with Mr. Thornquist makes it plain to me that your service manager has you intimidated, and that you probably turn pale green any time he says "Boo!"

Please turn to page 4



Glamorous

Yes. With Coty's cosmetic harmony... every hint of jeune fille beauty is highlighted for the special glamour that is youth's alone.

Golden years, these teen-age times... don't waste them on trial-and-error technique... start to-day

on a glamorous career with complexion art by Coty... Coty captures youthful iridescence... interprets it in undertones of colour, lip-witchery, and powder wondrously fine.

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Skin Freshener, 8/9. Cleansing Cream, 6/6. Conditioning Cream, 7/6.

I HAVE

called several piano men, but none of them is available. Obviously they are all working on new Cantrell pianos.

I can only add that, as you seem to possess absolutely no moral responsibility for your product, I am now compelled to ride six miles on a crowded bus each evening in order to practise on the piano at the college where my father is a professor of physics. This piano isn't anything to boast about, but it has one outstanding virtue; it's not a Cantrell.

Yours truly,
(Miss) Helen Phillips.

Dear Miss Phillips:

In spite of what you said in your letter of June 8, Cantrell pianos have a great tradition behind them. World-famous pianists have been known to insist upon having a Cantrell wherever they went.

Nowhere in our files can I find a complaint from any of the famous musicians who use our instruments saying they ever sounded like an elephant with a hacking cough. Of course, they were merely pianists, and not witty daughters of small-town professors.

It is our habit to presume that the customer is always right. But not when you take the liberty of attacking the integrity of my family. My grandfather, Mr. Ansel L. Jones, went to Europe in 1889 for the sole purpose of recushioning the piano of the Archduchess of Daglamania. Among piano workers the name of Jones is always mentioned with respect.

I point out these facts only for the purpose of assuring you that when my father says he never heard any piano produce sounds like squeelchy shoes or sick elephants, then neither has anyone else.

I am bound to let pass your remarks concerning my relation to our service manager, Mr. C. V. Thornquist. Mr. Thornquist has been with Cantrell and Company for fifty-eight years. I know that he is a cantankerous old fuss-budget, but there is nothing we can do about that.

Although you have cast slurs on everybody connected with Cantrell, I took the liberty of asking father if he would call Thornquist and see if he would make an exception about a medium to suggest your piano. The matter is now in the lap of the gods.

Personally, I hope this is the last I hear of your squeelchy shoes, Miss Phillips, because my work is piling up and I would like to get back to it.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3rd.

Dear Mr. Jones:

Early this evening I had a call from somebody in your service department named Harrison or Acheson, or something.

He wanted to know what was the matter with our Cantrell. I told him it made peculiar noises. He asked me to play it while he listened on the telephone. Like a fool, I did. I did some squeelchy shoes for him, then some elephant coughs, and also some Chinese gongs. These you haven't heard about, as they developed after my last letter to you.

Mr. Harrison or Acheson or whatever his name is listened intently to your celebrated piano. After a good deal of deliberation, he said that he would come and examine it on June 24.

Now, I am an even-tempered person, as anyone who has lived with a high-spirited younger brother for fourteen years is bound to be. But I must tell you frankly that I have never been quite so aggravated in my life.

A month ago I imagined that the preparation of a piano composition to be played at my brother's graduation ceremony would be the simplest thing in the world. This, of course, was before I made the acquaintance of the Jones family, father and son. You know I would love to come and see your factory, Mr. Jones. What probably happens is that someone takes a lot of parts and glue and tosses them into a heap. Maybe it turns out to be a piano maybe it doesn't.

"It's all in the lap of the gods," as one member of the firm puts it. Last evening on the bus, which I am still forced to take to the college to practise every evening, some ruffian stepped on my foot, and it is now almost impossible for me to walk. To-day is June 11. I have looked carefully at the bill of sale that came with our Cantrell, but not even in the fine print does it state that anybody in the firm is a gentleman. So I suppose I can just forget about my commitment of the 26th.

Yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips.

Dear Miss Phillips:

I am sorry to hear that you have a sore foot. When I told you in my previous letter that we regretted the inconvenience caused by the noises coming from your piano, we were perfectly sincere. However, we cannot feel responsible for what happens to our customers when they are riding on buses.

Right here I want to inform you that I have put aside all my other duties in an effort to settle this matter once and for all. To begin with, I had a long-distance talk with our Mr. Carrington (not Harrison or Acheson).

His opinion seems to be that the Chopin "Polonaise" you have chosen may be over your head, and suggests that you play something simpler at your brother's graduation. Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in C Sharp Minor" is his choice. He tells me this is an old stand-by that can be managed by anyone with five fingers on the left hand.

I also had another talk with our Mr. C. V. Thornquist. Mr. Thornquist seems so convinced that my efforts on your behalf indicate an interest far beyond those of simple routine duty.

Indeed, he implied that you must either be a relative of mine or my fiancée. Naturally I was indignant. I am afraid I said certain things to Mr. Thornquist that a person does not say to his elders.

During dinner I went over the whole matter again with father. Mother was annoyed, asking why we have to talk shop day and night.

There was a good deal of argument about this pro and con. Mother finally became quite roused, saying that if she had it to do all over again she would certainly never marry another piano maker. My brother Charles, who is sixteen, asked father if the new Cantrells with the Chinese gongs in them were proving popular.

That was finally too much for father. He told me he would issue an order in the morning to our city showroom instructing them to deliver to your address a thoroughly tested new instrument, and to return to the factory, for dismantling and study, the one of which you complain.

He also said that if, on dismantling, this piano showed no defect in construction or workmanship, he would deduct the cost of it from my salary week by week.

Dear Miss Phillips, I hope you have your new piano soon. I hope your brother graduates with honors. I hope your foot gets better. I hope you will appreciate the trouble you have put me to. For a moment there

Dear Miss Phillips

Continued from page 3

I too wished that mother had married anybody but a piano maker.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3rd.

Dear Mr. Jones:

The new piano came this morning. The men dropped the harp on the living-room table and dented it (the table). But that was all right.

I played a few chromatic scales on it and it seemed fine. I plunged into the "Polonaise" with great delight, since I still had ten days to master its difficulties.

The men forced me to sign a paper saying that when they left this piano made no sounds other than those normally to be expected. My father, who was somewhat opposed to our buying a new piano in the first place, agreed that the tone was satisfactory.

In spite of your last letter, I had decided to sit down and write you a note of thanks—a mistake which now I am happy to say I did not make. For what I have to tell you is that I think you and Cantrell & Company are unqualified frauds. No sooner had I finished my lunch and returned to practising the "Polonaise" than an altogether impossible sound began coming from this piano.

Something inside apparently worked loose with a few vibrations—the nuts became undone, or something, I don't know just what. But in any case, this new instrument echoes. It acts just as an echo does when you shout, "Hello." Only instead of calling "Hello" back, the piano keeps repeating the last bar of music played.

I am the daughter of a simple college professor, and my limited experience has not taught me how to deal with such obvious cheats and frauds as Cantrell & Company employ. So please consider our correspondence closed.

I would rather hear a piano talk back to me than continue to exasperate myself in fruitless arguments with you. You probably mean well enough, but like everyone else connected with Cantrell, you are not quite bright.

Neither do I need your advice in musical matters. If I wanted to play Rachmaninoff, I wouldn't be practising Chopin. So Mr. Thornquist thinks I am your fiancée. Just now I am not considering marrying anybody. And if I were, I would break the engagement for fear the young man might take a notion to go into the piano business.

Please give my regards to your good mother, and tell her I understand exactly how she feels. And thank you for your concern about my foot. It will heal in time. But I'll never forget this experience with the scion of a noble piano family.

Good-bye, Mr. Ansel L. Jones, 3rd. If I come across some real good glue, I'll send you the recipe.

Regretfully yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips.

Dear Miss Phillips:

It is not quite that simple. I told you that father threatened to deduct the cost of your piano from my salary if it turned out to be in good condition. And father never jokes.

The piano was returned to us, tested for "voice" by our Mr. Henderson, and father himself personally examined the action. A memo has just been signed by father charging me not only with this piano, but express and delivery expenses on the other.

You have been very free, Miss Phillips, with accusations of fraud. You have said I was not quite bright, and attacked the integrity of Cantrell & Company.

I can only suppose that you are suffering from some type of persecution mania. Auditory hallucinations often accompany this illness.

Please turn to page 10

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



The Venerable Mr Archer

By THEODORE TINSLEY

DUNCAN sat comfortably cross-legged under the shade of an oak near the gravel drive that led past his parents' house to the garage. There was an anthill there, and he was watching the activity of the ants with a kind of moody pleasure.

One of them was struggling up the slope, carrying an unwieldy crumb of bread. The young man sighed with mathematical interest.

"Jinricksha! That old fellow must have generated at least two horse-power." He scowled awhile, then concluded with evident relish, "Indubitably."

He scratched pleasantly at a mosquito bite on his bare leg. They were chubby legs, well fortified with calcium and all the known vitamins. He was wearing only a pair of sandals and brown shorts. The man at the shop had said that eight-year-old shorts would do nicely, but the rapid growth of young Duncan Archer was already making that snap judgment seem a trifle optimistic.

People were always making snap judgments about Duncan. Visitors to the Archer home often referred to him later as "that solemn little chap with the glasses." It was natural to make the mistake. He was the sort of earnest little boy who ought to wear glasses.

A crisp blast came suddenly from a motor horn. A coupe with its top down raced perilously up the drive, scattering bits of cut stone. Mother was behind the wheel, clad sketchily in a brightly colored shirt and slacks. Father looked like mother, except that he didn't wear a shirt. Their faces were bronzed, their eyes wrinkled in the sunlight.

Mother was behind the wheel because she had beaten father to it; they both loved to drive. They loved to swim, too, and to dance and to play golf and to play poker. Mother braked with a jerk, and father waved to the boy under the tree.

"Having a good time, Dunk?"

"Indubitably," Duncan said. There was no reproach intended, no challenge to the foolishness of parental exertion on a hot, windless afternoon; it was simply a calm statement uttered by a serious-minded boy.

But some of the joy oozed out of Tom Archer. He didn't look at his wife. Betty drove the car into the garage at a less headlong pace.

Tom Archer got out and went briskly ahead through the kitchen and into the sitting-room. He had seen Betty's slim jaw tighten as she switched off the engine. He knew it was a forerunner to another worried conference on the subject of Dunk. But what was there to say that hadn't already been said?

Tom could hear the thumps of his slim wife's sandalled feet. The thumps advanced in a straight line and they sounded purposeful. Tom was not a man to dodge an important issue, but the problem of Dunk's venerable behaviour was like a cold, clammy fog.

You couldn't pick it up for rational examination; you couldn't change its unpleasant shape; you couldn't even see into it.

Because Tom himself was worried, more alarmed than Betty realised, he tried to appear unconcerned. He dropped casually into his easy chair and picked up the latest thriller.

He had tried vainly, even to the extent of bribery, to interest Dunk in his favorite light reading. This book's jacket showed three Chinamen in a glass-bottomed boat, paddling with sinister speed through the murky depths of a sewer. They had a blonde female captive who seemed mildly resentful.

"Tom," Betty said, "I heard what Mr. Smith yelled at you over the hedge yesterday. He said, 'Keep that antiquated kid of yours away from my Charlie! He's making my boy unhappy.' Charlie Smith was Dunk's only close playmate."

"Yes, I know."

"Furthermore, before we went out this morning I saw Dunk in this very chair with your new thriller."

"You did? Splendid! Perhaps—"

"He was holding it as a blind, hiding another book behind it."

"Something I forbade him to read?"

"One of your old school textbooks. 'Principles of Chemistry.' He found it up in the attic."

"Ummm . . . Studying chemistry for pleasure, eh?"

"He said he was fitting himself for life. Eight years old. And he said that!"

Tom felt anger boil up within him.

"I'll knock the professor out of him, if I have to—"

Then he laughed feebly. He realised that he was angry because Dunk had made his own and Betty's attitude towards life seem silly. What was wrong with a slashing game of tennis in the hot sun? Or, for that matter, what was the harm in accompanying a detective down a sewer on the trail of three Chinese super-crooks?

It was becoming increasingly difficult to live like a grasshopper when your eight-year-old son had so definite a touch of the ant in him.

"I'll go out and talk to him," Tom said.

BETTY, having forced the issue with Tom, was now alarmed.

"Be tactful, dear. Don't try to impose your own opinions on Duncan. He'll resent it. Remember what the doctor said."

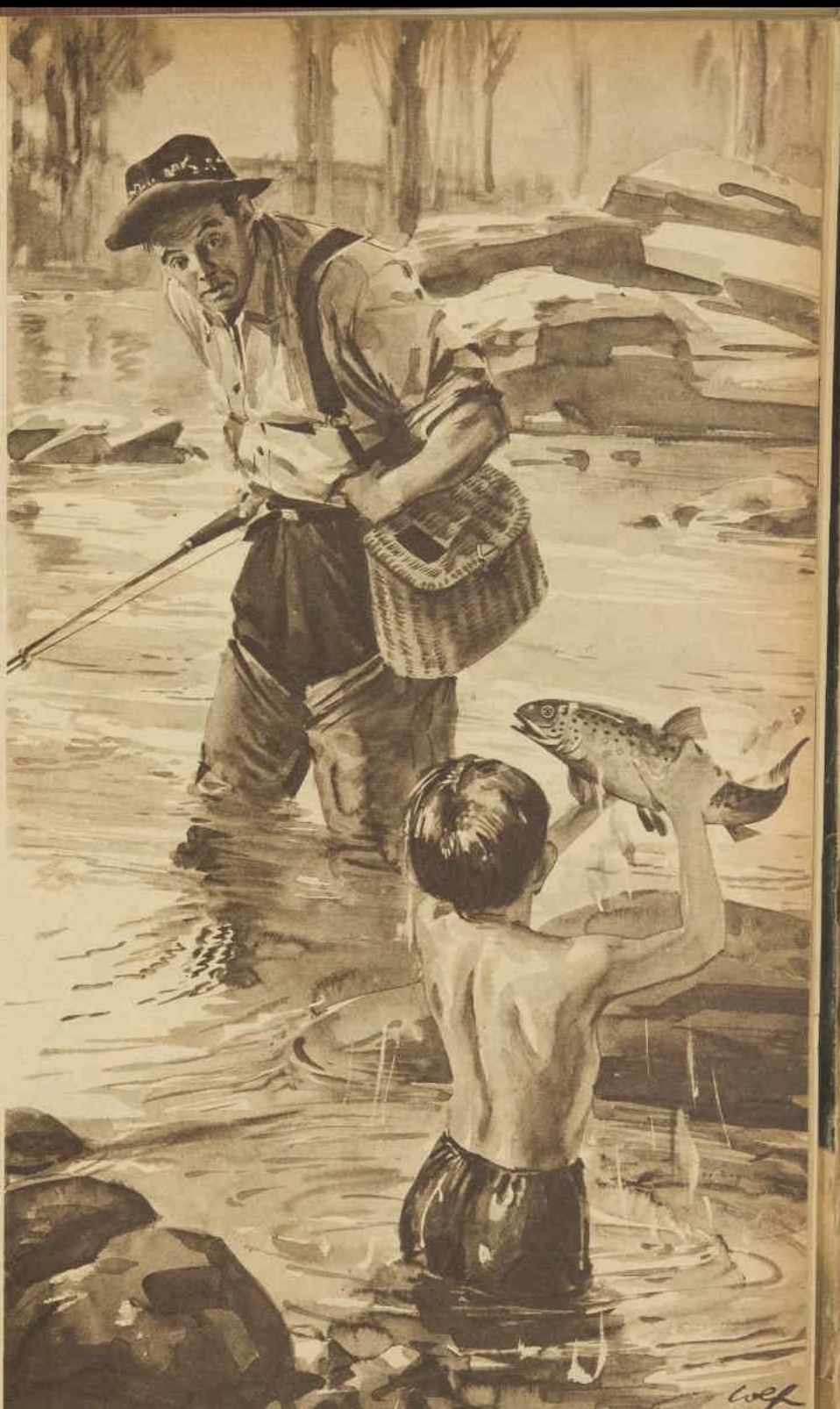
The doctor fancied himself as a psychiatrist. He read every book on the subject. Betty had insisted on consulting him after the fire. Dunk had always been an intensely serious child, but he had not hitherto had this deadly preoccupation about fitting himself for the future.

After a talk with Dunk the doctor had brought in a Dr. Lorrington-Jones for consultation. There had been something creepy about the psychiatrist's democratic approach to a small boy's mind. But Dunk conversed politely with him. Later Dr. Lorrington-Jones had reported to the parents in the privacy of Tom's study.

"The fire was undoubtedly the activating element," the psychiatrist said. "Not physically, of course. I understand there was only slight damage to the wing in which the boy slept. He was carried safely down a ladder, and normally he should have forgotten the incident. As a matter of fact, he pretends he's forgotten it, which is highly significant." He paused impressively.

"It ties up with his increased gravity," he went on. "His fears for the future, his subconscious doubt of the security afforded by his mother and father. A definite trauma, a mental scar, you see?"

They were silent, and the doctor continued: "Imagine it for yourselves, please! You're a sensitive lad; you awake in the dead of night to find yourself bundled up by a fireman and carried down a ladder into the freezing darkness. In your childish mind you overdo things. You become much too serious. Subconsciously, you must get ready for the next fire, when perhaps you will



awake choking with smoke and find no fireman and no ladder. You see?"

Tom and Betty Archer had tried conscientiously to carry out the doctor's suggestions. But it had done absolutely no good. Dunk's aloofness from every taint of frivolity had become more marked.

"Do you think that Dunk could be a—a mental throwback to—Uncle William?" Betty faltered.

"Gracious, no!" Tom Archer replied explosively, perhaps because lately he himself had done some worried thinking about Uncle William in the cool darkness of their bedroom while he lay unpleasantly awake, staring at the high ceiling.

William was an uncle of Betty's mother. His full name was William Bartholomew Slade. There was a

"Here you are, Dad," Duncan cried, miraculously producing a fat, speckled trout from beneath a rock.

boyhood picture of him in the family album, and it looked alarmingly like Dunk.

William's mother had always called him William Bartholomew. He had carried the name through a serious pontifical childhood; had jumped classes with it at school, had raced along to a solid B.Sc., followed by some earnest post-graduate work on the subject of tropical reptiles.

He was W.B. when he wrote his famous monograph on the egg-laying habits of certain nocturnal turtles in the Galapagos Group. After that, he was invited to join the staff of a famous museum, and his life became more and more repressed, until, at the age of thirty-two, W.B. exploded.

It was a spectacular and scandalous blast. W.B. went the whole distance in an uninhibited effort to make up for lost time. His release from respectability involved a chase across the country after a buxom and muscular blonde who stood astride galloping horses in a circus.

They were married in a registry office in the north of England just before the blare of trumpets announced the opening of the regular 8.30 performance. W.B. had some money from his scientific lectures; and after a disappearance for a decent interval he emerged as the owner of a fair that toured the smaller provincial towns.

Please turn to page 20



selby

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EXCEPT CLANCY

I'VE always acted on the theory that give a girl good looks, good taste, and enough intelligence to get by with, and she's more likely to be insulted if you don't make a pass at her than if you do. Clancy was the exception that proved the rule.

I must admit that when I took her into my business as a partner I had a few ideas over and above her ability.

I have quite a promising little private detective agency in Johannesburg, and I frankly admit that I thought her presence around would lend a brightening touch, but she stopped that at the first interview.

"See here, Mr. Donovan," she said, "this partnership is strictly business. You've taken me in because we make a good combination as private detectives—but that's as far as it goes, do you understand? Strictly business, and none of the funny variety. You can do what you like with your private life, as long as you don't expect me to become a part of it. Have you got that clear?"

"Quite clear," I said. "If that's the way you want it, that's the way it's going to be."

After that I didn't even trouble to call her anything but Clancy, and I must admit that from the business point of view the arrangement was a good one.

Wendy Parnier was another proof of the rule—without any exceptions. She came into my office one day, and stayed over an hour.

Although Clancy couldn't hear anything, she must have used the glass of the connecting door to good advantage, because no sooner had Wendy left than she was in my office.

"Who was the peroxide advertisement?" she asked. "What did she want?"

"Her name's Parnier," I told her. "She's a widow. And I don't know what she wanted. She's a bit on the secretive side. All she'd tell me was that if certain things happened she might want a bodyguard. I told her I was willing."

"I'm sure you are," said Clancy. I didn't like her intonation.

"What do you mean by that crack?" I asked.

"What do you think?" she returned coolly.

"Inside this office," I said, "she's just another client. And what I do after office hours is no business of yours, remember?"

"I remember."

For three weeks I didn't hear or see anything of Wendy Parnier, and then there she was, plastered all over the front page of a Sunday newspaper.

"HAND GIRL HOLDS SECRET OF KRUGER MILLIONS" said the headline, and there was a photo of her captioned, "Miss Parnier."

Either the reporter hadn't found out she was a widow, or else he thought an unmarried girl made better copy, but he'd certainly spread himself on the article. It was all about how she had discovered a map in an old book, and now she was busy organising an expedition to recover the gold.

That was the essential point of the article, although, of course, there were a couple of columns of the old information of how the gold was put on President Kruger's train when he was clearing out of the country, and how it never got to

"Where is the map?" the young man demanded, leveling the gun at Donovan.

"I'm not Mrs. Donovan," said Clancy.

"By no means," I said hastily. "I'm not married, Mrs. Parnier. This is my partner, Miss Clancy. You can talk quite freely in front of her."

"Oh, I see. Well, I won't keep you long, Mr. Donovan—not now, anyway," she hesitated. "You've read the papers, I suppose?"

"If you mean that article about the Kruger millions and your map—yes, I've read it."

"Well, that's what I was worried about—that it would get into the papers, I mean. How that reporter found out about it, I don't know—but he did and now the damage is done."

"What damage?" asked Clancy.

"Well, you see," she said, "there are a couple of men who feel that they have a claim on the map. They haven't, of course, but they feel that way. It appears the book once belonged to them, and it was mixed up by accident in a pile which was sent to the second-hand book dealer where I bought it. They approached

me some time ago to buy the book back, and offered me such a ridiculously high price, I guessed immediately they knew about the map."

A little frown creased her pretty brows.

"I had found it myself by then," she went on, "otherwise I might have sold. As it was, I told them I had given it to my brother who had left for England a few days previously. They got rather threatening, but I stuck to my story, and afterwards they left. I don't think they were sure whether I was telling the truth or not. Now, of course, with all the newspaper publicity, well, I'm a bit scared. They were . . . rather a horrible couple."

"Names?" I asked.

"I don't know. One was fairly elderly, with a club foot, and the other was young, with a very lined face, and he chewed something which made him smell of almonds."

Please turn to page 30

By PHILIP AMBROSE

Lourenco Marques, but was buried somewhere along the way.

I showed the article to Clancy the next morning, and even though she sniffed I could see her professional instincts were aroused.

We had to go and see a client together, and as we were nearing the office on our way back, someone called: "Mr. Donovan."

It was Wendy.

She was wearing a costume that gave the impression it had been plastered over her, and even though her coat was hanging loosely over her shoulders, she looked well-groomed and delicious. Clancy suddenly took my arm. I took my hat off my head.

"This is real luck meeting you," said Wendy. "I've been to your office but you were out. Do you mind if I discuss some business quickly with your husband, Mrs. Donovan?"

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The Great QUESTION

Beginning an unusual and provocative modern serial

By I. A. R. WYLIE

NOW, the angry young man had almost reached the head of the line. Only two couples stood between him and the ticket collector at the door of the radio theatre, but instead of being pleased about it, he annoyed the couple behind him by dodging in and out of line and peering over their heads.

He was tall and could do it offensively. He muttered to himself and trod on the woman's foot without audible regret. But his short, pug-nacious nose, in unusual conjunction with a menacing, not unattractive swarthy, modified her annoyance.

She became sisterly and sorry. She said, "Don't you worry. She'll turn up yet."

At which he glowered at her, but not as though he really saw her.

"Not if there's a better show," he said bitterly.

He had to relinquish his place then, and he stalked down the length of the queue, which at that moment, like the tail end of a spring tape measure, snapped out of sight into the theatre vestibule.

The few stragglers who remained on the rain-swept street were in no mood to listen to a probably intoxicated young man who, with his hat at the back of his black-thatched head, was addressing an invisible audience of one.

"All right," he said, and snapped two tickets in her non-existent face. "This is the end of it. That's what I told you, and I meant it. There are two things no woman can do to a man three times a week and get away with it. This is one of them. You can go chase yourself."

Thereupon he pulled his hat down over his black brows and strode on, head down to the wind and rain, like a destroyer going into action in a heavy sea.

It was a toss-up which he would run into first, a policeman, a lamp-post, or the girl. The girl happened to come first.

Her reasonable course would have been to sidestep him. But she was not feeling reasonable. She was feeling outraged after the scene at home.

"No one," Violet had said, smiling at her own reflection in their bedroom mirror, "would think we were sisters, would they? You must be a throwback, darling."

Probably to Great-aunt Theodosia, whose dire portrait was the family's one heirloom.

"But you're such a wonderful secretary," Violet had gone on encouragingly. "Herb says you'll be an executive or something one of these days. Isn't that lucky? You'll always be able to take care of yourself, and someone will always have to take care of poor, silly little me. It must be what they call a compensation."

Whatever it was, the future executive had stamped out of the stuffy little apartment, leaving unwashed dishes in the sink, an unprecedented act of insurrection. It had got her nowhere. She was now dank and dismal though still defiant.

The apparently blind young man lurched against her, and she caught his arm. "Lost your Seeing Eye?" she asked.

To her alarm, he laid a ferocious hold on her. His eyes under the moistly sagging hatbrim were an angry grey and certainly not blind.

Please turn to page 32

The girl seemed unaware of Andy's glare, as she prepared to answer.

The Australian Women's Weekly
May 14, 1949.
Page 9.



Luxury HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT

makes your skin finer, smoother,
prettier, in a few days

It's quite exciting how quickly the skin responds to the newest methods of beauty care! You can make your skin look really lovely with this widely-used home beauty treatment. It's the kind of skin care you could spend pounds on at exclusive salons, but so easy to do yourself in your own home.

What you do is give yourself a luxurious beauty-facial every night with Skin Deep Facial. Just smooth this life-giving beauty cream lightly over your face and neck at bed time and leave on overnight. The important thing about Skin Deep Facial is that it nourishes the deep under-skin; you can tell this at once by the surprising way it goes right into your skin.

Start your Skin Deep facials to-night, and see



how quickly you can soften away all the dryness and roughness of sun and wind. Your skin blossoms into new freshness from your very first facial. Thousands of women already use Skin Deep Facial! You can get it at any chemist or store, 5/- for a large treatment-size jar.

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for LADIES and CHILDREN
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REGD.

OBTAINABLE AT MOST GOOD STORES.

AUSTRALIAN AGENTS
STUBBS & BOOTES, CHARLES STREET, ADELAIDE.

THEY could easily be the sound of squeaky shoes or the ringing of Chinese gongs, or even a piano talking back. I wouldn't presume to make a diagnosis from the evidence in your letters, as I'm not a physician.

But I do think that your father ought to send you to a competent neurologist. If these things are caught in time, they can be cured.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3rd.

Dear Mr. Jones:

Your letter of June 15 has been received by me. Ordinarily it would not be worthy of a reply.

By a mere coincidence last evening a colleague of my father's, Dr. E. C. Broadcamp, visited our home with his wife. Dr. Broadcamp is an experimental neurologist at the college. I happened to be trying to practise the "Polonaise" when they arrived, as my foot is still sore.

I might say that Dr. Broadcamp, like your father, is not distinguished for his sense of humor. When he heard our piano, he asked me why we were torturing innocent little cats inside it.

I proudly said, "Oh, no. That's really the way a Cantrell sounds." Now you will probably suggest that Dr. Broadcamp should be sent to a neurologist.

I have given up hope of playing at my brother's graduation, which is nine days away. But, I confess that I sympathize with you about the deduction that is being made from your salary. It seems unjust to visit the sins of the father on to the son. It really isn't your fault that Cantrell hasn't the slightest notion of how to make pianos.

Yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips.

Dear Miss Phillips:

Let me assure you that what I am about to say is written without any desire to inject my own personality into the matter.

I do not know what you do for a living, but you know nothing of the craftsmanship which the manufacture of pianos entails. May I enlighten you? At eighteen I started a regular course at college, in addition to working nights in the Cantrell & Company factory. For four years I did menial labor in every department.

On graduation, I was sent to Paris, where I studied in the factories of Moval et Cie. On my return, I took my place here at the bottom of the ladder. Before I was permitted to touch a piano in construction, I was required to describe the function of the seven thousand parts that go into its manufacture.

For a year I was given the task of rebuilding instruments which had been discarded as worthless by the turn-in department. It is possible for me now to make an entire piano blindfolded.

The suggestion I have decided to make is the result of a variety of motives. I don't like to pay for pianos out of my salary. I don't like to be called a fraud and a cheat. I don't like the Cantrells to be made fun of.

My curiosity is aroused by the trouble you are having. Something is happening that just doesn't happen. You may believe me or not, but I am as anxious that you play the "Polonaise" at your brother's graduation as you are. We think the Rachmaninoff would be a more practical choice, but then, as you say, if you wanted to play Rachmaninoff, you wouldn't be practising Chopin.

The suggestion I have to make is this: The twentieth is Sunday. I will take the train down to Howardsburg Saturday evening. I had planned to play some tennis on Sunday, but I will sacrifice my recreation to learn exactly what is the matter with the instruments we have been delivering to you.

Please let me know if it will be convenient for me to call at your home at 11 a.m. Sunday, June 20.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3rd.

Dear Mr. Jones:

Nothing would delight me more than to receive you at the time specified. It shouldn't make any difference to you what I do for a living, but for the sake of your curiosity, I

Dear Miss Phillips

Continued from page 4

am an English teacher at the Howardsburg High School.

I never studied in Paris, of course. I am just a small-town girl, and I have no illusions about my musical talents.

I am looking forward to your arrival on Sunday. I have only one comment to make before I see you then. In your last letter you said that you could build a piano blindfolded. If this is the way Cantrells are made, I think you should state such facts in your advertising.

Sincerely,
(Miss) Helen Phillips.

Dear Ansel Jones:

I hope you arrived back at the factory without too much discomfort. I am writing this because there were a few things which I did not get to tell you Sunday.

Father has not yet decided what he intends to do about Harold. My father is a very beautiful person. His thoughts are extremely abstract. He wants only to teach and to make everybody happy. But whenever he is faced with a problem like the one that came up Sunday, he doesn't know what to do.

Mother is soft-hearted too. She has mildly suggested that we deprive Harold of his allowance for the next year. It was my feeling that he should spend the next year in a reformatory.

Naturally we had no time to ask him why he did it when you were here, but afterwards I took him aside and asked a few questions of my own.

First, however, I grasped his shoulders and shook him until his teeth rattled. When I asked why he had sneaked rubber shoes and the

"In this world there are only two tragedies. One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it. The last is the real tragedy."
—Oscar Wilde.

dinner-table bell and a couple of dozen clamshells into the sounding board of the piano, he finally confessed it was to prevent me from playing at his graduation.

It still isn't quite clear to me why he did not want me to play. All he would say was, "Aw, Sis, the gang'll never quit kiddin' me if you get up and play that corny music."

I have been trying for some time to write an apology that would sound adequate, but humility, as my letters have probably indicated, is not one of my outstanding traits. Instead of trying to assume it, I would much rather express my admiration for the manner in which you took our piano apart.

I was watching your face closely, and the light that shone in your eyes when your pincers extracted one of Harold's rubber shoes was like that of a surgeon triumphantly extracting a bullet from the body of a dying person.

When a decision has been made about Harold, I will write and let you know, as I imagine you will be interested. Meanwhile, I am sorry my foot was still sore so that I couldn't take a walk with you after supper as you suggested.

I haven't had time to practise my "Polonaise," but I am hoping that in the few days that remain I will master it, now that we have a "silent" Cantrell.

Ever yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips.

Dear Helen:

May I call you Helen? It seems as though I had known you all my life. I am sorry to hear that what to do about Harold has become a problem in your household. Maybe if you just went ahead and played the "Polonaise" at his graduation, that would be punishment enough.

When I told father what had really happened he chuckled. Work almost came to a standstill at the plant. A polisher who has been with us for eleven years told me afterwards that it was the first time he had ever heard Ansel Senior laugh during business hours.

Thank you for your compliment about my work. It is a tradition with us Jones'. As I told you, our name is mentioned with respect wherever piano men gather.

I felt bad, too, that we had so little opportunity to talk last Sunday. Another time?

Cordially,
Ansel L. Jones, 3rd.

Dear Ansel Jones:

I think you are the most conceited man I have ever known. A little compliment, and your chest bulges out like an overblown balloon. Just what do you mean when you say that my playing at Harold's graduation will be enough punishment for the trouble he has caused?

I thought I had experienced the last of your insults when our piano was fixed. When I met you, you seemed to be a sensible young man. I can only conclude that you have a streak of arrogance which you find impossible to control.

Please don't write to me any more. All my time is taken up practising the "Polonaise."

Yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips.

Dear Mr. Ansel Jones, Dear Sir:

It will probably come as a surprise that you get this letter from me. You better come down here right away. My sister is pretty upset.

It is getting so that I am sorry I ever started putting stuff in that piano. I didn't want the guys all kidding me about it afterwards that my sister is such a terrible piano player.

But also at the same time I never figured she would be so upset like she is. She stays up in her room and cries, and when I knocked on the door a little while ago she said: "Get away, you inhuman monster. If it wasn't for you, I would never have heard of that stubborn pig-head named Jones."

Personally, people that get in love are crazy as far as I'm concerned. On the other hand, since it was me who had the idea of putting stuff in the piano, I guess it is only right that I write and tell you Helen is head over heels in love with you.

She sits around all day and mopes, and at night she cries, and anybody that goes near her, she snaps at like a snapping turtle.

I guess nothing can be done to stop her from playing the piano at my graduation, but at least I figure if you came down here and made her feel better by marrying her or something, maybe that would be the solution.

Yours very truly,
Harold Phillips
(Helen's Brother)

Harold Phillips,
Howardsburg.

Thanks for kind invitation to attend graduation stop Am taking midnight train stop Will give careful consideration to solution suggested in your letter.

Ansel Jones.

My dearest Helen:

My head is in the clouds. I will never forget your brother's graduation. He is a typical American boy. After hearing you play Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in C Sharp Minor" at the exercises, I was positive you should have stuck to the "Polonaise."

All this is as nothing, however, to what happened between us on our walk home from school.

Helen dearest, I've known you too short a time to ask you to be mine. But if you care for me even the least bit, would you consent to visit our factory? It would be sheer bliss to acquaint you with the approximately seven thousand parts that go into a Cantrell.

Say you will. A yes from you will make me the happiest man in the world.

Devotedly,
Ansel.

Ansel Jones 3rd,
Cantrell and Company.

Don't you ever think of anything but pianos stop Yes I would love to come stop If your mother got used to it then so can I stop Love

Helen.

(Copyright)

Mary Horder's Paris Notes



KNITTING, in its new glamor version, is high style in Paris, and has taken the eye of every member of the haute couture. It appears in sports clothes, suits, frocks for morning, afternoon, cocktails, or dinner, and for full evening wear. It appears on collars, cuffs, scarves, purses, evening bags, hats, sweaters. Intricate patterns and stitching are produced by all the designers. Knitted evening sweaters are worn with draped or finely pleated black skirts. They must have raglan or magyar sleeves to give a casual look. They are patterned with bead or sequin embroidery in many colors.

● The sweater at extreme left is of fine cobweb design sewn to tulle or satin and sprinkled with beads or sequins. Drawstring bag can also be knitted, felt beret is sprinkled with matching beads or sequins. At left is a sweater with deep ribbing to give a queuepiere line. Bead embroidery forms bands on neckline, sleeves, and bust.

● The evening sweater, below, is made with raglan sleeves and a deep V neckline. It has a fitting waistline, which can be belted. Sequins sewn on instrips make a glamorous trimming.

● Blatt designs the diagonal knitted weave frock, left below, with frill edging the V neckline. The skirt is of four gores, diagonally knitted, held at the waist by shot tulle belt with a pearl buckle. Hat is of matching draped knitted weave.



● Carven attaches a queuepiere of fine corded knitting to her red suede skirt, above right, alluring it with a sports sweater with opera neck, roll collar, short raglan sleeves.

● Blatt designs the frock, at right, of diagonal knitted weave, with squares made by running a thread through, knitting it in, or stitching it on. Fine ribbing accents the waist. Hat and scarf of matching weave.

Dorothea Johnson

'OVALTINE'

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR FOOD BEVERAGE HAS ALWAYS CONTAINED VITAMINS

It is now *Fortified*

by a Special Process which
permits the addition of
Extra Quantities

*In addition to Malt, Milk and Eggs,
Delicious 'OVALTINE' now gives you—*

Extra VITAMIN 'A'

—for improving the eyesight and resistance to certain diseases.

Extra VITAMINS 'B'

—B1, B2, and Niacin—for enabling foods to be better utilised and for making nervous and muscular activity more efficient.

Extra VITAMIN 'D'

—essential for assimilation of calcium (for strong bones and teeth).

Extra IRON

—providing an essential ingredient for healthy blood.

Extra CALCIUM

—combines with phosphorus to make strong bones and teeth; prevents rickets and dental decay; essential for nursing mothers.



START NOW
TO DRINK YOUR
OWN HEALTH IN
FORTIFIED
'OVALTINE'

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES
16 oz. TIN 4/6 . . . 8 oz. TINS 2/6
48 oz. FAMILY SIZE TIN 12/6

THIS is indeed splendid news for every man, woman and child who seeks perfect health. For many years 'Ovaltine' has been the most popular food beverage in the world. It has always provided the maximum health-giving quality at the lowest possible price. Yet the Ovaltine Research Laboratories which have an international reputation have continued to explore the possibilities of further improvements. And now EXTRA quantities of five important vitamins and three essential mineral salts have been added to 'Ovaltine' in the form in which they can most readily be assimilated by the system.

The perfected 'Ovaltine' processes of manufacture (which cannot be used by others) ensure that all the vital elements of the original ingredients are retained unimpaired in the finished product. Health authorities throughout the world are agreed that there never has been any substitute for 'Ovaltine'. And now 'Ovaltine' is even better. Its famous qualities of restoring health, strengthening resistance to illness, building up the body and bringing deep, refreshing sleep have become even more effective. Give every member of your household the benefits of drinking Fortified Ovaltine at once. Start tonight!

PRODUCT OF A. WANDER LIMITED, DEVONPORT, TASMANIA

Rue Suggests BUTTONS



● Schiaparelli uses buttons to outline an inlet, full panel on the belted woollen jacket, pictured above.



● The shorty, at right, has a double cuff edge buttoned on all the way round.

● Diagonal back button-closing is new on wrap-around cocktail dress with back drape, at right.



● Straight skirt, at left, buttoned diagonally over the hipline is cut up very high to show a matching pleated underskirt.



● The double-breasted jacket, at left, has two straight rows of buttons across the bosom and across the waist to give it accent.

● The straight, slim dinner-gown, at extreme left, with a front button-closing, has the buttons running well up into the off-the-shoulder cleverly draped bodice.

FASHION FLASHES

For the Younger Set

Nursery News



The year's most engaging twosome — each snug as a hug in teddy-bear handknits. How to keep kiddies' clothes colourful? Lux, of course. Woollies, cottons and rayons stay new-looking far longer if you wash them with Lux instead of harsh soaps.

Babes in the wool

Sweet as a lullaby . . . these filigree-fine knitteds for your rock-a-bye-Baby. Only Lux care for such precious garments, Mummy! That way woollies stay fresh . . . fluffly . . . feather-soft. Never a sign of matting or shrinking because Lux is so gentle!



THAT SMART LOOK — IT'S THE LUX LOOK

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creates the PERFECT LIPSTICK
— with Super-Indelible Under-tone
— New silken, s-m-o-o-t-h-o-n texture
— Rich shades of lasting brilliance
— Color-tuned to Fashion, and to you

Gay Gossip . . . Mayfair Pink . . . First Night . . . Apache . . .
Safari Tan . . . Grenadier Red . . . No. 5, No. 8, No. 12.
BLEU ROYALE SERIES (Propelling) . . . 5/11
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PAUL DUVAL PERSONALISED COSMETICS
AT ALL CHEMISTS — EXCLUSIVE STORES



She loves Slender heel...

The new pointed heel in **KAYSER** *hosiery*
that slenderises the ankle

31x 3-Thread Pure Silk . . . 9/11
22x Nylon . . . 12/6

WELDED WEDGETAIL . . .



MODEL for wedgetail eagle made in copper by Mr. R. Greenwood-Webb, Sydney, pecks at his notebook from perch in Taronga Zoo.



WELDING individual feathers to resemble their natural formation requires technical and artistic skill and infinite patience.

Triumph of art and engineering

COMBINED knowledge of sculpture, oxy-welding, electrical and mechanical engineering, as well as an artist's creative ability and skill were required by Mr. R. Greenwood-Webb, of Lane Cove, Sydney, to make for his home a copper wedgetail eagle which raises and lowers its wings.

It has a wing span of five feet and is a clever copy of an eagle at Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney, which "sat" as Mr. Webb's model.

The copy has the same burnished coloring as the original, due to the heat caused by welding it together. Mr. Webb has covered it with transparent lacquer to preserve the color.

The bird contains mechanism designed so that he will tell the time each hour by raising and lowering his wings. The mechanism is connected with a clock in the house.

For the parts of the bird that had to be modelled with molten copper Mr. Webb used the building-up method he had learnt when studying sculpture in clay. He had to take extreme care, as the copper was likely to become too hot and collapse.



CUTTING each wing, with unusual shaped pliers, requires expert knowledge of the bird. Mr. Webb made many visits to the Zoo in order to study the original eagle at close quarters.



MECHANISM required to make bird raise and lower his wings to indicate the time each hour of the day is concealed in his hollow body.



BEAK, claws, and fleshy parts of the eagle were modelled with molten copper, by melting it into place with an oxy-acetylene torch.



FINISHED bird is placed on wooden arch over entrance to artist's home, with his wings spread and poised, as if ready for flight. By a clever piece of mechanism wings are raised unevenly, so movement is graceful.



*Feel Better and Brighter!
Take Vincent's A.P.C. with Confidence for
Headaches and Pain!*

Confidence

AND WHAT IT MEANS TO *you!*



Thrill to the call of the open road! Carefree! Full of confidence! Place your confidence in the better-balanced formula of genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. Powders and Tablets. For the safe, sure relief of Headaches, Fatigue, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Neuralgia, and all Nerve and Muscular Pain, take VINCENT'S A.P.C. Vincent's is prepared to the original hospital prescription first used by the Medical Superintendent of one of Australia's largest public hospitals and is a proved and fully accepted Medical Prescription!

**TAKE VINCENT'S A.P.C.
WITH CONFIDENCE
for QUICK RELIEF
from Headache**
NERVE
AND MUSCULAR PAINS,
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The Famous PINK Powders & Tablets!

Genuine

**VINCENT'S
A.P.C.**

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY "VINCENT'S"

ONE DOSE BRINGS
QUICK RELIEF!



Holloway is good company on stage and off

Wife and son accompany him on tour of Australia and New Zealand

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

When Stanley Holloway breezed into Australia, he brought with him not only his pretty wife and a small son, but an invisible and much-loved band of old friends — Mr. and Mrs. Ramsbottom and Albert, and that hardy old veteran of the Peninsular wars, Sam, and his musket.

Holloway, whose versatility has been shown in films, was charmingly apologetic to the audience at his first Australian concert when he delivered his old and well-tried monologues. He needn't have worried.

THE famous Holloway monologues don't depend on novelty and fresh-from-the-mint wisecracks, but belong to the kind of humor that acquires lustre and endearing familiarity from the laughter that's repeated through the years.

The man himself has the same pleasant qualities—he's good company.

After interviewing him and then watching him romp through a radio rehearsal, I decided that he exudes as much good humor and fun in private life as he does on stage or through records and films.

For Stanley's face, though by no means homely, is as expressive as the highly individual North Country accent that has become his trademark and which he uses in personal conversation only when he wants to emphasise a point of humor.

Stanley Holloway's audience at his first concert in Sydney was loud in its appreciation. Seeing Stanley, they found, was twice as good as hearing him.

"Knowing the story" of his pieces added to the enjoyment.

It left everyone free to savor the condescending expression donned for the shepherd who tells the Ramsbottoms that he had a "recumbent posture" in stock only last week; to enjoy the moustache donned for Sam, who was so stubborn about picking up the musket, and the galloping approach of the Duke of Wellington riding up to settle the row.

Was boy soprano

WHEN Stanley's wife, former English film actress Violet Lane, opened the door of their Double Bay, Sydney, flat to me, the comedian was dashing through the hall to answer the telephone.

"That phone's been going all morning," he declared when he joined his wife and me in the lounge-room.

"The place is like a bookmaker's office."

Stanley informed me that he was born in London and started touring England with concert parties at the age of 12, when he was billed as "Master Stanley Holloway, Wonder Boy Soprano."

"We used to play the beaches in the days before concert parties went all grand and built halls on the shore fronts," he said.

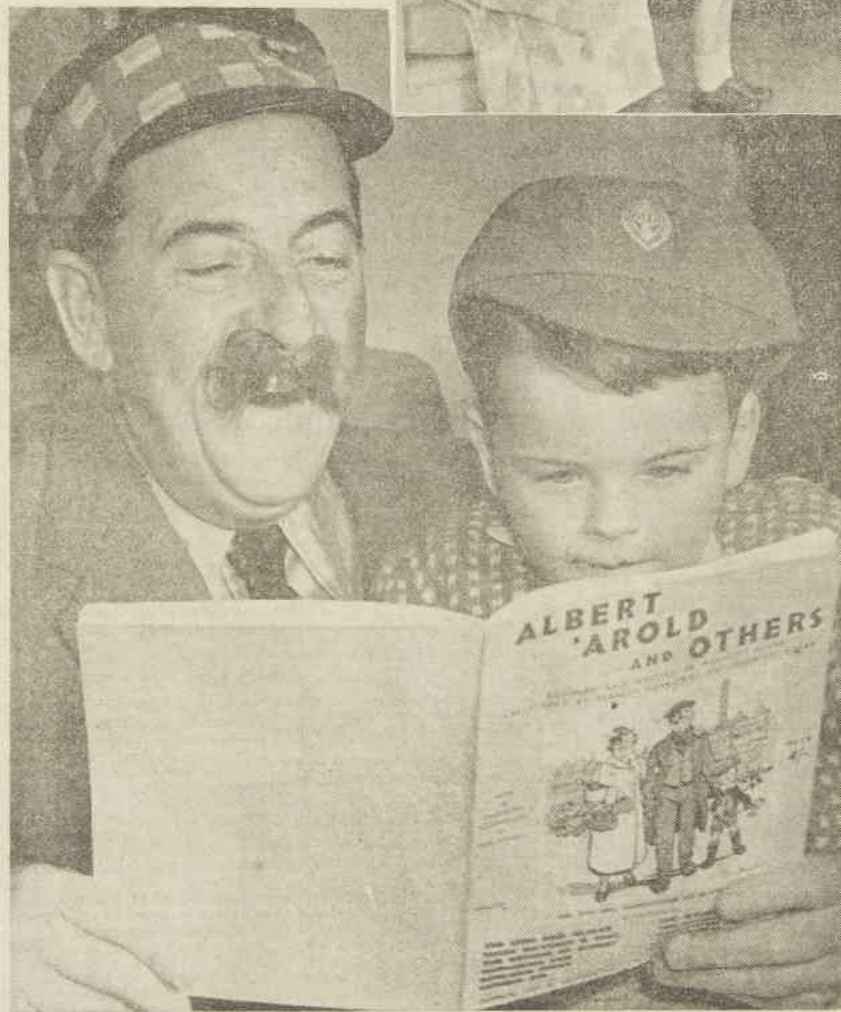
"We would just put up a bit of a structure on the beach and collect from people sitting on the sea-wall. All the kids around the place used to turn up."

When his voice broke, Stanley "went into commerce," but didn't specify his status in the commercial world.

"I got tired of it after a couple of years, so I went off to Milan to study opera, but the first world war started and I went back to England and joined the Army," he told me.

After his discharge, Stanley made quite a name for himself as a baritone singer of sentimental ballads.

"They used to send me on early to ring out the sentiment with 'Little Grey Home in the West' or 'Two Bright Eyes,'" said Stanley. Stanley Holloway's entry into the



BEDTIME STORY. "Up rode the Duke on his lovely white horse," reads Stanley Holloway (alias Sam of musket fame) to son Julian.

world of comedy was made at the London Palladium in 1929.

"I was booked to appear as a baritone, but I wanted to do something different, so I wrote 'Sam and the Musket' in ten minutes and delivered it in a mixed accent I had picked up from Lancashire concert parties and a Yorkshire regiment I served with during the war," he said.

"It wasn't an immediate success, but I plugged it along, and it gradually got to be popular with audiences."

An artist needs to be specially good to entice Australian audiences to help him with a chorus, but Stanley had no difficulty in persuading the people in the Sydney Town Hall to

hiss the "fish and chips" refrain—

meant to sound like a train—for "Dan, Dan, the Signaller."

They had an august precedent. Before this item Stanley recalled how, during the war, he went to Windsor Castle to entertain the Household Troops, The King and Queen and the young Princesses were there.

"It was very sweet," he said, "to see the Queen sitting in the front row and joining softly and earnestly in 'fish and chips.'"

Stanley and Violet Holloway met when both were playing in the film "Squib," but when I asked Mrs. Holloway if she was an enthusiastic actress Stanley interrupted: "She was until I ruined her career."

"I didn't have much of a career to ruin," was Mrs. Holloway's modest comment.

The Holloways' seven-year-old son, Julian, is one of the main reasons for their visit to Australia.

"Apart from wanting him to get a fair whack of your sunshine, we also want him to travel as much as possible, because we think it good for a kid," said Stanley.

Stanley said his part as the gravedigger in "Hamlet" was small but important and called for a fair amount of rehearsal.

Jean Simmons was a wonderful worker, and although they had a model of her made so that she wouldn't have to be lowered into the grave all the time, she preferred to take part in things herself, and she went into that grave umpteenth times.

Stanley describes himself as "one of those people who know of no

EARLY TRAINING. Seven-year-old Julian Holloway recites "Albert and Lion" while his mother and father listen.

OUR COVER

ON this week's cover, former official war artist Dennis Adams gives his impression of the Royal Australian Navy's first aircraft-carrier, the new H.M.A.S. Sydney, entering Sydney Heads.

Commanded by Captain R. R. Dowling, D.S.O., R.A.N., the carrier is the third Australian warship to be called Sydney, and inherits a proud tradition with the name.

Sydney, due in Fremantle this week and Melbourne on May 18, will go to Jervis Bay before proceeding to Sydney, arriving on June 2.

other way of making money than by working for it."

"I've had my ups and downs, but life is pretty comfortable now," he said.

Although he wrote "Sam and the Musket" himself, his equal successes, "With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm" and "Albert and Lion," were written by others.

Stanley Holloway thinks theatrical success is a pretty good thing for an individual as long as he doesn't get to thinking he's terribly good.

"Once an actor starts thinking he's the cat's whiskers he's on the way out," he declared.

When Stanley Holloway rehearses in front of a microphone he rocks every few minutes on the heels of his brown suede shoes, pivots a little on the heel of his right shoe, and gives at the knees as though he's starting bending exercises.

He obviously knows all the radio tricks and enjoys the jokes of fellow comedians.

He doesn't always make up his mind what he will present on a radio programme until the last minute, but his indecision causes no bother to the timing of the programme because he knows exactly how many minutes each song or monologue runs.

"It's like making a pudding or a pie. You choose a bit of this and a bit of that and hope for the best," he said.

The Holloway family makes an impressive-looking trio. Stanley is tall, well built, and very well tailored; blonde Mrs. Holloway is slim, with a faultless pink-and-white complexion, small features, and a quietly expensive taste in dress; Julian is a sturdy little boy with an alert face and a small turned-up nose.

Their home in England is in the village of Penn, in Buckinghamshire, but the next six months, except for a brief visit to New Zealand, should see them firmly entrenched in Australia.

They like being here; Australia likes having them.

Editorial

MAY 14, 1949

THE INDIAN REPUBLIC

INDIA'S association with Britain has run full circle. Traders were the first Englishmen in India, and they were followed by the soldiers and administrators who welded their scattered posts into a great Dominion of Empire.

The soldiers and administrators withdrew when India's independence was granted, and now, as a republic, her only English residents are again the men of commerce.

The change is a diminution of British power — a simple fact that cannot be altered by any amount of looking on the bright side.

It is obvious that the British Commonwealth of Nations could have India as a member on the new terms or not at all.

The London conference made the best of a bad job in accepting the cousinly rather than brotherly hand thus offered.

Danger of the new set-up lies in the ambiguity of obligations involved on both sides. There can be no rights without complementary responsibilities, and Indian relations will be a delicate matter for years to come until the balance between these has been adjusted.

The British, who have shown the world how well loose ties can hold, will find the defining of this new relationship the supreme test of their genius.

Worst shock to British feeling was the break with the Crown. Allegiance comes naturally to those born and bred in the Royal tradition.

In fairness to Indians, however, it must be recalled that the King is not of their blood, and cannot possibly be regarded by them as the natural head of their family.

The Indian link in the British Commonwealth of Nations has been admittedly weakened, but it is still a link. The British task now is to retain it and, if possible, strengthen it.

Airway detective has world for his beat

By HELEN BROWN, staff reporter

London's famous Scotland Yard, according to former Divisional-Detective-Inspector Donald E. Fish, is a "bunch of bricks and mortar in which policemen work and race in and out of doors like rabbits."

"It's not the home of either astoundingly brilliant or incredibly stupid men, as mystery story writers would have you believe, but a place where clever teamwork achieves much," he said.

DONALD FISH, who has just paid Australia a brief visit as Superintendent of Security with the British Overseas Airways Corporation, spent 21 years at the Yard.

When I arrived at the appointed time at B.O.A.C.'s Sydney offices to interview Donald Fish he informed me that he had just received a phone call from Jimmy Green, a former Scotland Yard colleague who came from England a year ago and settled with his family at Maroubra, Sydney.

We set off for a mid-town restaurant to join Jimmy Green at lunch. On the way Donald Fish who is a tall, slim, immaculately dressed man with an easy manner and a clear, English voice, told me about Scotland Yard.

"I think Scotland Yard men are the best policemen in the world," he told me.

"They always work in teams, because no matter how brilliant an individual may be at detective work he usually needs to be backed by magnificent team-work from top to bottom."

I asked Mr. Fish to tell me about some of the criminals he had dealt with during his 21 years at the Yard.

"The first one to mind is a woman we'll call Chrissie D.," he said.

"She was a wonderful-looking Scots girl who knew how to dress. She didn't look anything like a female Bill Sikes, but she started a tour of flat-breaking in London and stole from more than 170 flats in the three months it took me to catch up with her."

"I was a young detective-sergeant at the time and, after I had caught her on the job, the judge sent her down for a good stretch."

"I didn't see Chrissie for 10 years. Then she was found hidden in the cupboard of a fashionable Knightsbridge hat shop just before closing time one day."

"She still looked pretty good, and when I walked into the police station she was protesting with convincing dignity about unlawful arrest."

"There was a complete collapse of Chrissie when she saw me."

A question about the methods used by woman murderers brought from Mr. Fish the reply, "Now, now! I don't want to encourage you women to kill."

"But I will tell you about the famous Mr. A. blackmail case," he said.

"Mr. A. was a well-known Indian prince, now a ruler in India, and a bunch of blackmailers got £150,000 out of him, before they quarrelled among themselves."

"One got away with all the money, so another member of the gang sued the Midland Bank, where they had had their account."

"The Midland Bank called us in, and I spent the worst 12 months I've ever known tracing 150,000 Bank of England notes back to the gang. I had the numbers of the notes and the job took me to Paris, Vienna, and Brussels."



EX-SCOTLAND YARD MEN Donald E. Fish (left) and Jimmy Green reminisce over lunch in Sydney.

"I succeeded in tracing 140,000 notes which led to the conviction of a well-known London solicitor, the only member of the gang left in England."

When we joined Jimmy Green at lunch, Donald Fish introduced him as "an Australian all the way from England."

"That's right," agreed Jimmy, a former Detective-Inspector. "I'm the first Australian who busted into Scotland Yard—and they knew I was there, too."

"Of course I did all the big cases. Old Don used to come along behind."

"I seem to remember a woman shoplifter causing you a bit of bother back in 1923," interrupted Donald Fish.

"That was old Alice Diamond, and she once walked out of Selfridges with a £3000 mink coat hidden under her clothes, believe it or not," Jimmy Green explained.

"She was a member of a shoplifting crowd known as the 'Forty Thieves,' and on this particular day in 1923 she was racing off with some goods she'd stolen from Harrods when I tripped her with my foot."

"I was in plain clothes and Alice

started yelling: 'This man is stealing my purse!'

"An old woman with an umbrella came to Alice's aid and belted me all over the head. Alice seemed about six feet tall and there seemed to be women everywhere, but I managed to arrest her."

Mr. Fish started in 1919 as a London Bobby, and had risen to the rank of Divisional-Detective-Inspector, supervising four detective-inspectors and their staffs, when he was seconded to British Army Intelligence in 1940.

After assisting in the arrest and conviction of renegades John Amery, Lord Haw-Haw, Balle-Stewart and others, he returned to Scotland Yard in 1945 and was immediately loaned to B.O.A.C. to investigate heavy diamond thefts from airmails in Cairo.

"I didn't find the diamonds, but I organised things so that there would be little chance of further thefts from the mails," he said.

After attending to the Cairo "job,"

Mr. Fish resigned from Scotland Yard to become Superintendent of Security with B.O.A.C., with the "largest policeman's beat in the world."

"It takes me to all parts of the world, and the boys at the Yard now call me the 'Flying Fish,'" he said.

Mr. Fish, who has a son and three daughters and recently became a grandfather, said his job with B.O.A.C. kept him pretty busy.

"We carry some very valuable cargo on our planes, and it's my job to see that pilaging is kept down to an absolute minimum," he said.

"It's nothing to have a million pounds in diamonds or gold suddenly descend on us at London airport, so we must have armed escorts always ready."

"We employ nearly 400 European and native guards in various countries, and you'll always find a member of my security staff in the vicinity of any B.O.A.C. aircraft which lands on a recognised airfield."

Before he left Australia, Donald Fish had to call on the N.S.W. Police Force to assist him.

During a visit to the Blue Mountains he lost a fountain-pen which was given to him by a Polish airman who was sent to Poland as a British spy during the war and never heard of again.

"I knew I had dropped it in the bush and, although I asked your police if they could find it, I wasn't very hopeful," he told me.

"But they achieved the seemingly impossible. They found it in the bush and returned it to me the day after I had lost it."

"If your police are as good at everything else as they were at finding my pen, then they're not far behind Scotland Yard—and that's really saying something," declared Donald Fish.

Interesting People



SISTER ELLEN SAVAGE

Florence Nightingale scholar APPOINTED to Administration Staff of Newcastle District Hospital, N.S.W., is Sister Ellen Savage, awarded George Medal for heavy duty during sinking of hospital ship Centaur in war. In 1947 was sent abroad by N.S.W. Branch of Florence Nightingale Memorial Committee and studied hospital administration.



DR. P. L. HENDERSON

... brilliant engineer DISTINGUISHED scholar and new Professor of Mechanical Engineering at Melbourne University, Dr. P. L. Henderson worked as cadet under Sydney Harbor Bridge chief engineer Dr. Bradfield. In England did important railway research, was awarded Cambridge Doctor of Philosophy degree; is also barrister.



MISS PEARL KENNEDY

... man-size job FLOWERS on two-telephone desk are only concession to femininity made by small, fragile Miss Pearl Kennedy, Sydney Minerva Theatre's new house manager, believed only woman in the Commonwealth to have such a job. Starting as book-keeping clerk eight years ago, she rose to be theatre's treasurer, last year accompanied touring company to N.Z. Says, "The theatre now is my home."

By Gus

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY





DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER WEDS. Mrs. Gordon King, formerly Jeannette Poate, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Poate, of Semiramis, Bellevue Hill, leaves St. Mark's, Darling Point, with her husband and attendants Ross Field (left), John Poate, Graham Thorpe, bride's sister, Mrs. Neville Hoddle, bridegroom's sisters Audrey and Janet King.



VICTORIAN WEDDING. David Calvert, of England, and his bride, formerly Coralie Fairbairn, leave Christ Church, Skipton. They are attended by Techa Matear, Michael Wheatley, Franks Fairbairn, Sandra Mackay, Susan Calvert, and Amanda Rogers. Coralie is daughter of Major and Mrs. C. O. Fairbairn, Banongill, Skipton.

Getting Married

EASTER over and lovely autumn days are chosen by pretty brides for their weddings, so "getting married" is theme this week.

When attractive lass Elizabeth Evans Lloyd walks down aisle of St. John's Church, Parramatta, on arm of her father, Mr. John Lloyd, on May 21, she will be the third generation of the family to be married there.

Elizabeth, who will marry Kenneth Hoad, youngest son of Mrs. M. Hoad, of Goulburn, and late Mr. B. C. Hoad, is great-granddaughter of Dr. Walter Brown, of Brisington, Parramatta. Her grandmother, Mrs. Mildred Lloyd, who will attend her wedding, was married in the same church.

Four bridesmaids, bride-to-be's sisters Ann and Margaret, Paisy Murdoch, and Sally Leah, will attend her, and little flower-girl is Penelope Holmes. Best man will be John Stacy and groomsmen Kenneth's brother Frank, Bob McCarty, and Geoffrey Johnson.

Elizabeth's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd, will hold the reception at their home and have marquee set up on lawn for guests.



HONEYMOON IN FIJI for Mr. and Mrs. Ron Anderson, who marry quietly at St. Joseph's, Edgecliff. Reception is given at home of bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Theodore, of Double Bay. Bride, formerly Mrs. Monica Fahey, widow of late Mr. Edward Fahey.



WED AT ST. JAMES'. Mr. and Mrs. Gerry McMurtrie leave St. James' Church, King Street, after marriage, with three bridesmaids, Jocelyn McNeil Simpson, Audrey Ditchfield, and Margaret McKinney, of Toowoomba, Queensland. Bride formerly Sonia Buckingham, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Buckingham.

OYSTER-GREY is choice of physiotherapist Marjorie Dunning when she weds Bill Ryan, of Brisbane, at St. Charles' Roslyn Gardens, and bridesmaid Dr. Mena Soling wears jacaranda-blue. Bill's brother, Dr. Jim Ryan, comes from Brisbane to be best man. Reception is held at Petty's.

ATTRACTIVE old Port Street girl June Naamyth celebrated the announcement of her engagement to Onno Brinkman at the Old Fortians' Ball at the Trocadero last week. June is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Naamyth, of Balgownie, and Onno is eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Brinkman, of Waverley.

VIVACIOUS Florence Harding is having busy time introducing her fiancé, Stockwell Everts, from Chestnut Hill, Boston, U.S.A., to her many Sydney friends. Their wedding date is set for May 28 at St. Andrew's, Wahroonga, when Florence's sister, Mrs. Christopher Miles, will be matron of honor, and Jean Craig and Audrey King bridesmaids.

Florence met her fiancé at International House, Chicago, when she was studying anthropology at University of Chicago and Stockwell was studying political science.

After the ceremony, bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Harding, will entertain guests at a reception at their Wahroonga home.

AFTER round of parties in Canberra for Mrs. P. R. Wilkins, wife of Federal Secretary of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins and their daughter Audrey, who recently completed her schooling at Frensham, are off to England in Orcaades. They have let their lovely home in Canberra to Major-General C. M. Lloyd, of I.R.O. Family plan to be away for about twelve months, and have flat in Edgeware Road, London.

BRIEFLY: Sydney girl Lorraine See has grand holiday in Havana, Cuba, and Miami, Florida, before going back to Washington, where she has new job with Indian Legation. Twenty-first birthday celebration for June Hardie when her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. Hardie, of Edgecliff, entertain in her honor. Pretty party dress of white Swiss organdie worn by Ruth Hansford when she entertains guests at party. Three weeks in Sydney for Eileen Carter, of Hobart, Tasmania.



WED AT SHORE CHAPEL. George McKew and his bride, formerly Joy Bayley, leave Shore Chapel, North Sydney, after marriage. Joy is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bayley, of Chatswood. Reception is held at Windsor Gardens.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Bill Berkman and his pretty bride, formerly Joan Tait, of Bellevue Hill, cut cake at reception at Pickwick Club following wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Joan is daughter of the John Tait, of Bellevue Hill.



TOAST. Jimmy Bell and his bride, formerly Fay Rogers, toast each other's health after reception at home of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Kennett, in Goulburn, after their marriage at St. Saviour's Church of England, Goulburn. Fay is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Rogers, of Shenley, Goulburn. Bridegroom is son of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Bell.



HONEYMOON ABROAD. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Nash leave St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, after their marriage. Bride, formerly Kathleen Beard, daughter of Mr. W. Beard, of Strathfield. Couple sail in Orcaades for six months' honeymoon abroad.

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A.P. 1-16



"Pardon, Cecile — I've got a bet on this race at the dogs."

"Romancin' means more to me than ever now I've got a portable. No more worrying whether I can stake Cecile to a taxi home or just put her onto the tram. Now I can hear if Rover was scratched or whether he just stopped to scratch. I can get the starting prices and work out my

winnings. Does Cecile object? Boy — I just switch over to soft, sweet music and Cecile melts back into my arms. Just one thing to remember — always use Eveready Mini-Max batteries. They shoot up volume. Strengthen tone. Save you money because they last so much longer.

The Venerable Mr. Archer

Continued from page 5

ONCE a year Uncle William made a point of sending one of his programmes to all his relatives. He advertised himself as "Bart" Slade, the only entertainer under canvas with a university degree. His show was reported annually in the variety trade magazines under the caption: "HOT STUFF."

Uncle William had also produced two diminutive copies of his muscular bride, both of whom were already reputed to be quite proficient at head stands.

Tom Archer said, "Rot!" in a fierce tone. He laughed hollowly at the suggestion of any similarity between the warped childhoods of Uncle William and Dunk.

The discussion ended inconclusively, as it always did. Tom, putting his arm round his wife's shoulders, felt them tremble. He hadn't realised she was so close to tears. He didn't say anything as he turned quickly and went out of doors.

Dunk was no longer interested in ants. He was hanging by both hands from a branch of the oak, his round face purplish as he raised and lowered himself with grim persistence.

"Having fun, Dunk?"

"Jinricksha — no. It was fun the first seven chin-ups, but after that — whoa!"

"Then why do more than seven?"

"Because one of these days I'm going to be a man. A fine specimen I'd be not being able to chin eleven times at least. Jinricksha!"

"That's an odd word you're using. It doesn't make sense. You mean 'By Gemini,' don't you?"

"No. I mean jinricksha. And it does make sense. Dad. That's why I prefer it to 'By Gemini.' It sounds fine and it's perfectly sensible. I looked it up in the dictionary. It's a light, two-wheeled hooded vehicle first used in Japan."

He walked over to the antihill and poked at it with his bare toes. An ant popped out of a hole at the bottom and raced to the summit.

"Dunk, don't you think it would be more fun if —"

"I wish you wouldn't call me Dunk. It gets me into trouble."

"Trouble about what?"

"Well, the other day I went over to Miller's Bridge. There's a place near the mill where the water is deep. I thought I'd do a little sub-

merging —"

"You mean diving, old fellow?"

"No, Dad. I mean submerging. I thought it might be an excellent idea to see how long I could hold my breath. You never can tell what situation might arise in later life

when the ability to hold your breath might be important."

"Ummm... How did you get into trouble at Miller's Bridge?"

"Well, I thought there wouldn't be any kids there, but David Horn and Harry Briggs and some of the others showed up. They have a hut built near the mill. They kicked me out merely because I pointed out to them that it was built on a bias, and poorly ventilated."

"Mmmmm... What happened at the bridge?"

"They all started shouting 'Dunk Archer! Dunk Archer! Let's duck Dunk Archer!'"

"Tossed you in, clothes and all?"

"No fear," Dunk said. "I settled them with a couple of Ju-Jitsu holds I once studied."

"You mean that you deliberately prepared for future trouble with the gang by buying a book on Ju-Jitsu?"

"I didn't actually buy it, Dad. I got it by swapping it for a set of stamps. A chap I know had the book, and he didn't want it any more, so we made a deal."

Dunk paused, then he remembered his father's original question and he shook his head impatiently.

"I wasn't thinking of them as all. They were just a — a by-product. What I was thinking of is the future. An untrained man is a defenceless man. That's what the book says. Anyhow, I didn't get thrown in. David Horn cried off when his arm sort of went crack. They didn't come near me when I went away, but they all threw stones. All except David Horn."

Tom Archer winced as he stared at his son. Dunk was now calm and remote in the examination of an oak leaf, no doubt storing up useful knowledge about leaf structure and chlorophyll.

His father glanced irresolutely towards the house. It loomed lovely and blank in the hot sunshine; as blank, Tom knew with a sinking heart, as the face of Betty would be if he asked for concrete suggestions about what to do with their venerable child.

"Dunk?"

"Yes, Dad?"

"I've been thinking about ways of having fun. Just you and I. I think I've got a fine idea for tomorrow. What do you say if we both get up early and —"

Dunk's round eyes squinted thoughtfully at the brown body of his father above the faded blue shorts.

"I think you're foolish to get sunburnt so much. You know, if you get too much — uh — pigment in your skin, the — uh — actinic rays of the

sun can't get through the coating."

Tom Archer swallowed a hasty expletive.

"I suppose you read that in a book?"

"A pamphlet," Dunk said.

Tom forced himself to remember the psychiatrist. The boy had failed with youthful playmates; it was high time for a more durable father-son relationship.

"They'd get up early to-morrow. All by themselves. A couple of friends on the trail of some speckled beauties in a remote woodland stream."

"You mean get some fish?" Dunk asked.

His father admitted that speckled beauties and fish were identical.

"Wouldn't it be more sensible to buy them at Brooks?" Dunk wondered.

"Mother says Mr. Brooks has the best fish she ever ate. So why can't we just get up late to-morrow and go to Brooks?"

"You don't understand, old fellow," his father said in a slightly edged voice.

He explained that the object of fly-fishing was not to lay in a cheap stock of provender for the table. The fish which Tom Archer had caught up to and including to-day, he pointed out proudly, had cost him close on forty-five shillings a pound. Fishing was sport, not business. It was done for excitement, fun!

Dunk listened politely. He had picked up a fat, brownish caterpillar — and was methodically counting its legs. When his father finished, Dunk's glance moved with more animation towards the roof of the barn.

"I wonder how long it would take to climb to that barn window and down again," Dunk said.

"What? What's that? Listen, young man, if I ever catch you as much as looking at a rope within twenty feet of that barn I'll —"

Dunk was sensible! You might easily break your neck."

"I wasn't thinking of trying it," Dunk said. "The old barn wouldn't stand a pull like that — not until it's mended, anyhow. I was just thinking scientifically... What time do we get up to-morrow?"

"Before dawn? Think you can do it?"

Dunk was sure that he could. He was well aware, he said, that anything worthwhile necessitated a certain amount of preparatory discomfort. Tom Archer felt an almost irresistible urge to dive at his offspring and knock the daylight out of him; but at that moment Dunk grinned.

Dunk looked so small in his brown shorts, so suddenly everything that a son ought to look like, that his father ruffled his hair, and went back into the house with an unreasoning grin on his own face.

Nothing really wrong with Dunk! He had an intelligent brain and he liked to use it. The thought of Dunk exploding at thirty-two like Uncle William was preposterous when you considered it.

As for his absorption in the idea of fitting himself for a purposeful adult life — what was wrong with that?

At dawn next morning Dunk was up before his father, eager as any normal eight-year-old. He was pleased at the prospect of wearing gumboots, at manipulating a smaller version of his father's feathery rod.

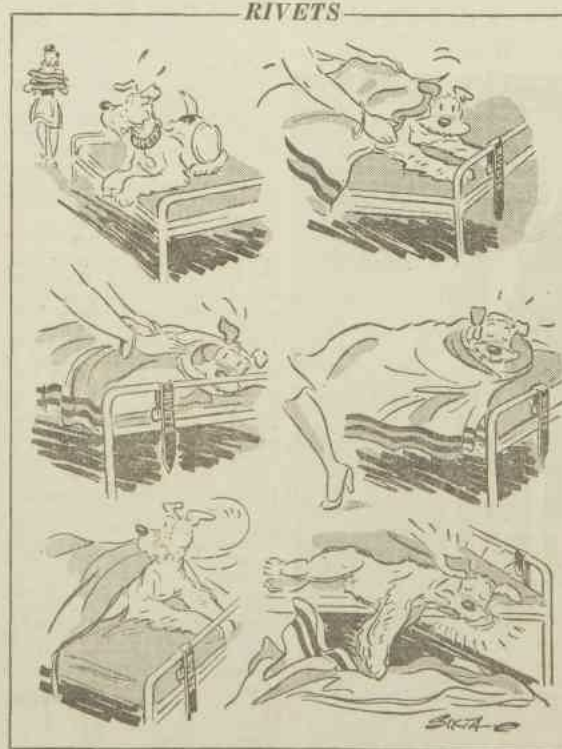
The only disturbing sign was the speed with which Dunk's excitement calmed down. Before he left the house the old faraway look was back in his eyes. He asked if he might bring his bathing trunks with him.

He forgot about it, until, hours later, Dunk asked if he might put on the trunks. He was disturbed by the quick spark in Dunk's bored eyes, a spark which his father had been trying patiently to kindle. Dunk waded downstream and proceeded to submerge himself with methodical pleasure.

Please turn to page 28

Lourmay Lipstick Price

An error occurred in the price of Lourmay lipstick advertised in The Australian Women's Weekly of April 20th. The price of Lourmay lipstick everywhere is 4/-, and of Lourmay lipstick 2/6.



Made hats for Princess . . .

Australian is now French hat designer

FREYA VERGNAUD with some of the hats she has made since arriving in Sydney.



Leading designer with the famous English hat salon of Gaby Louise, Bond Street, London, Freya Vergnaud arrived on a visit to Sydney with only two hats.

"MY friends expected me to have hats galore, so my first two days in Sydney were spent making three new models," Miss Vergnaud said.

Evidence of her skill were the several beautifully worked felts she displayed at the Greenwich home of a school-days friend with whom she is staying.

"Apart from supplementing my hat wardrobe, I had to convince my business that I really could make a hat. You see I was such a dud at school that I have surprised my friends," she remarked with a smile.

In private life Miss Vergnaud is Mrs. Thomas Adams, wife of an English electrical engineer, who, she says, is interested in women's hats only because he does not have to buy them.

"He has grown used to me living and breathing hats," she added.

Petite and extremely pretty, Miss Vergnaud looks more like a model than designer. Bright blue eyes, blonde hair, and a twinkling manner make her a young 33.

After spending her schooldays in Moorman, Sydney, she left, 18 years ago, to attend Bedford Finishing School in England.

According to her own account she failed miserably to fulfil her mother's aspirations for her in the field of art, and eventually became apprenticed to the then famous and exclusive Miss Ware, of Bond Street, to learn women's hatting.

"I was actually sacked from my first job because I used Miss Ware's equipment to make hats in my lunch hour," Miss Vergnaud said.

Her next boss, Sidney Michael, allowed her to take advantage of the hat-haters' exchange system, under which English and French hat-haters could exchange their apprentices as part of their experience in training.

Five years with famous French hat-hatter Rose Descat gave to her work the finish which now earns her the title of French designer with Gaby Louise.

"An Australian working in London, I am still known as a French designer," she said. "Fortunately my name fitted perfectly; in fact, few people believe I haven't changed."

Miss Vergnaud's work has had amazing success, but her proudest moment was when Princess Eliza-



PEAKED BRIM is London's latest line, and canary-yellow felt the most popular shade. Cheeky cockade is of self-colored marabou.



FELT BONNET featuring a double brim lined with candy-striped taffeta ribbon, made by Freya Vergnaud since her arrival in Sydney.

beth selected seven out of 12 of the hats she had designed as suitable for the Royal tour of South Africa.

"My hats, together with those submitted by the 28 leading hat-hatters of England, were displayed anonymously at an exhibition held at the Dorchester Hotel," Miss Vergnaud said. "Princess Elizabeth attended the exhibition, and chose the hats she would take with her. My boss, Gaby Louise, gave a tremendous party to celebrate my success."

Miss Vergnaud said that the most profitable and successful hat she ever designed she made while with Rose Descat. "It was extremely simple," she explained modestly, "just a plain strip of material or felt, which was twisted to a head-hugging shape."

"I developed the idea while experi-

menting on a crown shape, so it was actually an accident. It was the most copied hat I ever designed, and there were thousands of them made with slight variations in trimming.

"Naturally, I didn't make anything out of it. My employer and those who copied the design did, though."

"I would often say I wish I could have a halfpenny for every one produced," she said.

Before leaving London, Miss Vergnaud designed over 100 spring models for the Gaby Louise collection. She said yellow was the color of the moment and was being used in every shade from the palest primrose to the deepest gold. Hats were mostly off the face, with a broken or peaked brimline or a side-downward sweep to the brim or trimming.

"Yellow is such a brave color it gives one courage," Miss Vergnaud said.

During the war she put hats aside (but did not forget them) to serve as a welfare officer with the Auxiliary Territorial Service. Exquisite pieces of gros point tapestry and early English embroidery she has brought to Australia with her, are souvenirs of the hours spent in shelters during air-raids.

Keen stamp-collector

TAPESTRY and Elizabethan embroidery are spare-time occupations which vie with her passion for stamp-collecting.

Her collection of early English and Colonial stamps dates from a stay with an aged grandparent whose untidy attic was a challenge to Miss Vergnaud's neatness. A clearance yielded, among other things, lots of old letters which were stamped with what are now collectors' pieces.

Miss Vergnaud has carefully coated the hats she has made since her arrival, she said. The materials used were purchased here, and, making allowances for time, light, rental of premises, and a wage of £10 a week to the workroom milliner, she said she could have made a fair profit if she'd sold them at seven or eight guineas each.

Barely five feet tall and apparently sensitive about her lack of height, Miss Vergnaud has a womanly reason for being glad to be back home.

"The thing I like most about Australia is that the girls aren't so tall as the English girls," she said. "Most women over there seem to be at least 5ft. 8in. so I feel dwarfed."

Remaining unconsoled when reminded that Princess Margaret is also tiny, she replied, "She's still quite a bit taller than I am."

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Here are several more reports on the Menthoid treatment:



A country woman writes:

"... I feel I owe Menthoids a debt of gratitude for the relief I have obtained, and will surely advise others to try them. The price is within the reach of all. My arthritis is almost improved and I have so far lost the very bad backaches I used to get."



This overseas visitor writes:

"I have just returned home after a holiday in Australia. I have been suffering from rheumatism for several years. Your Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids were recommended to me by a friend in Sydney. I have taken them for two months. I have found them so beneficial I should be glad if you will forward to me sufficient for two more months' treatment."



From the Blue Mountains this lady writes:

"Last year I had kidney trouble and cystitis very badly. I couldn't go anywhere, as I couldn't sit in a car or walk about; it was just misery. One of his friends told my husband about Menthoids, and he bought some Menthoids coming home from work. I took them for two months and gradually they cleared the trouble away, till now I am quite free of it. I am one person who is very grateful for Menthoids. I still take Menthoids, because they keep me free from acidity and constipation."

If you or your friends suffer the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches or Constipation, the Menthoid Treatment will help you, too.

How the Menthoid Treatment acts



Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.



Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

This simple home treatment contains no dangerous drugs and may be taken by the most delicate patients.

In order that Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on kidneys, bladder and blood stream the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Get a flask of Menthoids to-day and let the Menthoid treatment rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Menthoids act quickly and progressively, reducing the level of poisonous toxins in your body, relieving your aches and pains and making you feel happy and well again.



Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney or Bladder Weakness, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago or similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a

postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to:

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES,
 BOX 4155, G.P.O., SYDNEY

and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

WORTH Reporting

EVER since Mr. William Morris Hughes and Dame Mary stayed at Windsor Castle in 1916, Queen Mary and Dame Mary have corresponded at intervals.

"She really 'mothered' me when we stayed at the Castle," Dame Mary said.

"She's deeply interested in the British Commonwealth and knows an enormous number of people by their names. She seems to keep herself well acquainted with what is going on in Australia."

At Christmas Queen Mary sent Dame Mary a card and the latest photograph of herself. On her 82nd birthday, on May 26, Mr. Hughes will as usual send a cable from himself and his wife.

When we had a talk with Dame Mary she was helping her 84-year-old husband to celebrate his record term in Parliament, which beats the record of the late Earl Lloyd George.

"We saw a lot of Lloyd George on our trips abroad, and he and W.M. used to get together a great deal because they're both Welsh," she said.

Until she was introduced to William Morris Hughes at the opera, Dame Mary Hughes took little interest in politics, although she used to hear about the man who became her husband from her sister, who was married to a politician.

Dame Mary, who was born Mary Campbell on a property outside Wellington, N.S.W., said that when Mr. Hughes is indisposed he makes up his mind to get well and "rearranges in a marvellous manner."

"Of course, politics being in his blood, he loves to get back to it," she said.

"There have been such a lot of silly things said about him," Dame Mary added.

"He's one of the kindest men, and takes a great interest in the welfare of the people."

Keeps in touch with former pupils

REMEMBERED by Old Girls of Fort Street Girls' High School, Sydney, at the school's centenary celebrations was Miss Emily A. Cruise, headmistress there from 1900 until 1929.

Miss Cruise, who had to retire early because of ill-health, lives quietly at her Ashfield home, and looks forward to letters from girls she taught who are now scattered all over the world.

"One ex-pupil writes me most interesting letters from her home in Fanning Island, in mid-Pacific," she said, "and I keep track of careers of pupils who became barristers, doctors, or nursing sisters."

After doing her B.A. at Sydney University, Miss Cruise began to teach, and is extremely proud of having been the first head of St. George Girls' High School back in 1916, when the school opened in a small cottage.

Now that it has grown to a huge school Miss Cruise watches its affairs with interest, and feels that her happiest memories as a headmistress are of the two important schools, Fort Street and St. George.



"The cook designed our new kitchen."



"Now the man we select for this position must be a man with-uh-with poise, with dignity, with self-assurance-uh-a man who..."

Dinner for 57 men and one woman

FIFTY-SEVEN men and one woman, members of the Twenty-five Club of British Overseas Airways Corporation, held their fourth reunion dinner at Airways House, Brentford, London.

Each had worked continuously for 25 years or more with the corporation or air transport companies of earlier days.

The woman member was Mrs. Doris Clayton ("58 years old and proud of it"), of Essex Court Temple, E.C.

"I was the first woman to enter civil aviation," she said. "I joined Imperial Airways in 1922 as private secretary to the Director, Colonel P. Searle. I left B.O.A.C. three years ago, but I am still interested in flying."

Three years' travel in England and Europe

AFTER nearly three years of travel in England and Europe, youthful Cynthia Salisbury has decided that living in Australia is far cheaper than anywhere else.

Cynthia, a former Melbourne girl now living with her family in Sydney, speaks quite emphatically about this as she recalls some of the expenses during her trip.

When she emerged from a London hairdressing salon after a cut and permanent wave she was minus ten guineas; when she entertained a friend to an informal light lunch in an Amsterdam restaurant the bill came to £5.

Despite the high cost of living, however, Cynthia plans to return to Europe next year and work.

"There are jobs for Australian girls on the Continent, with the exception of Paris, where it is hard to compete with Parisians unless you write and speak French perfectly," she said.

"Things are especially good in Holland and Sweden, where you can give English conversation lessons even if you don't speak Dutch or Swedish well."

While in Denmark Cynthia stayed for two months with Baron and Baroness Rosenhorn, whose castle is next to the one occupied by Count von Haugwitz-Reventlow, second husband of much-married American heiress Barbara Hutton.

The Count, she told us, is both pleasant and good-looking in an "older sort of way."

On her way to Holland from Lapland, at the top of Sweden and only 300 miles from the Arctic Circle, Cynthia missed her midnight ferry crossing to Denmark after she had spent all her English money.

In true English fashion, she "asked a policeman." He took her along to the police station, where she managed to explain her predicament to the assembled local police force. They gave her a cell for the night and she slept on a bed like an "ironing-board."

Half century of dry cleaning

BACK at the beginning of the century, when the ladies wore bombazines and satins and boned bodices, a young French lawyer started a French dry-cleaning business in Sydney.

Recently his widow sold the business, ending a family association with a firm which had seen the changing fashions of nearly half a century pass under the sharp eyes of its "spotters" and the skilful hands of its pressers.

When the late Alphonse Even started his first city depot in the old Queen Victoria Building, pressing was done with flat irons heated on primus stoves and goods were delivered by horse and cart.

We had a talk with Mrs. A. Schumde, better known in the firm as Miss Tess Green, who started in 1920 after she left school, marking clothes, and became secretary to Mr. Even.

She remembers that among the distinguished garments cleaned by the firm were some belonging to the King and Queen, then Duke and Duchess of York, when they visited Australia in 1927.

We asked Miss Green if she recalled any other outstandingly beautiful frocks, and she told us that the evening dresses worn by Lady Clive (now Mrs. Derek Schreber), lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester, excited a lot of admiration.

Miss Green told us that after the 1914-18 war Mr. Even gave instructions that if any of the street musicians played the "Marsellaise" they were to be given a shilling.

"The word got around, and for a time it'd be a rare day when some musician didn't just happen to be playing the 'Marsellaise' near the shop," she said.

BALLARAT League football fans Betty Weightman and Mary Krause boarded a Melbourne train wearing sports jumpers embroidered with the names of their favored teams. These young tailoresses spent hours working the names in red and blue thread on white jumpers.

Rolls Royces and Cobb and Co.

WHEN Australia's International Motor Show, the first for ten years, opens at the Melbourne Exhibition on May 12, for nine days, the car-hungry will be dazzled by de luxe models ranging from a £7000 Rolls Royce to a £300 motor-cycle and the latest in English prefabricated garages.

"The garages can be put up with a spanner," says Mr. H. W. Harrison, of the Chamber of Automotive Industries.

On view with the glamor vehicles will be a Cobb and Co. coach, a reminder of the progress in travel during the past 100 years.

A special luncheon is being given during the show to former "Cobbies," the name given to the old-time coach drivers.

There are about 50 of them, the hon. secretary of their association, Mr. E. J. Alsbett, told us.

Small, genial, white-haired Mr. Alsbett is 82. He came down a ladder from the roof of his home, which he was painting, to talk to us.

Average age of the "Cobbies" is 76, he said. Most of them are still very active, including Messrs. James Laitly and W. Cooper, both 89.

Mr. Alsbett started coaching in the Ballarat district in the 'seventies. His father operated a fleet of coaches, some of which were originally owned by Freeman Cobb, in 1854.

After Freeman Cobb and his partners sold the coach line it changed hands many times, but continued to be known as Cobb and Co.

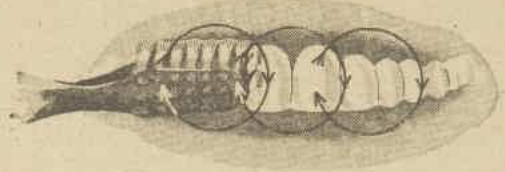
Coaches ranged from crimson-upholstered vehicles, seating six to nine, to an 1869 model, known as "The Leviathan," reputed to be able to carry 100 passengers.

Mr. Alsbett thinks this was rather an exaggeration. He recalls, however, that many coaches piled on up to 50 "strap-hangers."

Fares worked out at about 10/- for a hundred-mile ride.

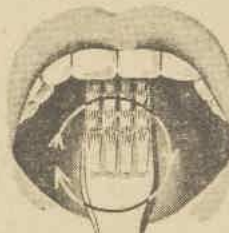
How to Clean Your Teeth

Using half an inch of Ipana on a dry brush, thoroughly brush the biting surfaces of all teeth. Then clean between the teeth as follows:



1. Place the bristles at right angles to the teeth and gums, covering about 1 inch of the gums.
2. Force some of the bristles between the teeth and exert a firm pressure against the gums.
3. Rotate the brush vigorously through a small circle, using the bristles as a pivot (see diagram above).

Always complete the brushing of one group of teeth before passing on to the next.



NEVER NEGLECT THE INNER TEETH SURFACES

The brush handle is held horizontally for all parts of the mouth except the inner surfaces of the six upper and lower front teeth, for which it is held vertically (see diagram above).

When next you see your dentist, ask him about Ipana for the hygienic care of your teeth and gums.

Sold only by chemists



Inserted in the interests of Oral Hygiene by BRISTOL-MYERS CO. PTY. LTD.



OLIVE OIL SKIN LOTION

For the Nursery

for Cradle Cap for Chapping

Its cooling-smoothing action will greatly relieve baby's distress!



CONTAINS OLIVE oil

New £3000 Cookery Contest

Offers amazing opportunities to earn big money

Entries and congratulatory messages on our new £3000 cookery contest are pouring in from enthusiastic readers.

They're all out to win the Grand Champion Prize of £1000, and one or more of the big-money prizes in other sections, totalling £2000.

There is no limit to entries, and no entry fee. You can start today and continue sending entries right up to the closing date, July 2. Winners will be announced in August.

SECTION 1: £1000 GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE

Grand Champion Prize of £1000 will be awarded for the best detailed plan for a 21st birthday party, including the menu, recipes, details of preparation of food, table decoration, ceremony for presentation of key, proposed entertainment.

A competitor may submit any number of entries in this section.

Entries should be set out as follows:

1. Menu, set out in correct menu form, i.e., dishes listed one beneath the other.
2. Recipes for all dishes included in menu must be given in detail, in the order in which they are listed in the menu. Quantities in recipes must be sufficient for thirty guests to be served. Proportion of ingredients, methods of preparing and cooking must be correct in every detail.

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. Only those entries which are submitted according to the rules will be eligible.
2. Competitors may submit any number of entries in each and every section and class.
3. Entries must be clearly written on one side of the paper only—in ink, or typed, not in pencil.
4. Full name and address, including State, to be included clearly on each page. Indicate section and class in which you are entering.
5. Recipes accompanying menus must be accurate. List ingredients in the order in which they are used, give exact weight or measurements in level cups, tablespoons, or teaspoons. Directions for mixing and

3. Attach a clear explanation of serving (i.e., formal service or buffet), of proposed table decoration, ceremony for presentation of key, proposed entertainment to precede or follow the menu, novel and unusual ideas to make the function an outstanding and memorable occasion.

4. Attach a practical working schedule, explaining what advance preparation you would make, and how you would handle the preparation of food for this party, with the help of one or two members of the family or friends.

5. Attach a brief statement of approximate cost—there is no money limit, but the total cost should be within reach of the average family which likes to entertain in this way in the home.

6. cooking must be clear, complete, and concise.
6. Employees of Consolidated Press and their families are not eligible to compete.
7. The decision of the judges will be absolutely final. No entries will be returned, and no correspondence can be entered into concerning such entries. No personal interviews will be granted.
8. All entries submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to publish any of them.
9. Address entries to The Head Office, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

SECTION 2: £1410 IN PRIZES

CLASS 1.—Best celebration dinner for 12.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Six consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 2.—Best barbecue supper party for 25.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 3.—Best engagement or pre-wedding afternoon tea party for 25.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 4.—Best wedding breakfast menu for 30 guests.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 5.—Best menu for 7 p.m. buffet dinner for 12.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 6.—Best novelty bridge tea for 12.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 7.—Best menu plan for children's party for 30.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CONDITIONS FOR SECTION 2

ENTRIES in each and every class of Section 2 should be set out in the following manner:

1. Menu in correct menu form—that is, courses and dishes set out one beneath the other.

2. Detailed recipes for all dishes to be set out in order in which they are listed in the menu. Ingredients to be written plainly, followed by clear, concise instructions for mixing, cooking, and serving. Note: Quantities must be sufficient for the number of servings specified—for instance, in Class 1, quantities must be sufficient for 12.

3. Include any novel ideas you may have for adding interest to the particular function, and attach a brief statement (200 to 300 words), explaining clearly how you would arrange a practical working schedule in order to have all dishes ready at the right time. Make suggestions for advance preparation.

Points the judges will look for in all sections

- Menus which are unusual and interesting, providing well-flavored dishes made from ingredients readily available.
- Menus which are practical and workable, within the reach of the average family.
- Menus based on recipes which are correct in proportion and accurate as regards method of preparation and cooking.

SECTION 3: Winter Dinners

CLASS 1.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for two adults.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 2.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for two adults.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 3.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of four.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 4.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of four.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 5.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of six.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 6.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of six.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 7.—Best winter oven dinner for family of six.

First prize, £20. Second prize, £10. Eleven consolation prizes of £5 in Section 3.

SECTION 4: Summer Dinners

CLASS 1.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for two adults.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 2.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for two adults.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 3.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of four.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 4.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of four.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 5.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of six.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 6.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of six.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10. Eleven consolation prizes of £5 in Section 4.

CONDITIONS FOR SECTIONS 3 and 4

MENUS entered in Classes 1 to 6 of Sections 3 and 4 should include foods of a type suitable for the season specified. They should be set out in correct menu form, i.e., dishes listed one beneath the other.

The three courses may consist of savory or fruit appetizer, meat and vegetables, sweet. Or soup, fish entree, meat and vegetables. Or soup, meat or fish and vegetables, sweet.

Include detailed recipes for all dishes listed in menu. Set recipes out clearly—ingredients listed first, followed by method in clear detail. Quantities must be sufficient for number of people specified.

Menus entered in Section 3, Class 7: Winter dinner menus of two or more courses must be correctly set out, with dishes listed one beneath the other, followed by detailed recipes for all dishes listed.

All dishes must be oven-cooked (including vegetables). Give details of how dishes are accommodated in the oven, times oven door is opened to insert dishes taking a shorter time to cook. Include sufficient information to make the menu workable for a family of six.

Menus entered in Section 4, Class 7: Summer dinner menus of two or more courses must be correctly set out, with dishes listed one beneath the other, followed by detailed recipes.

All dishes must be cooked on the top of the stove. Details must be given of cooking arrangements to suit the average stove, i.e., gas, electric, or kerosene stoves with three or four burners, or fuel stove. Include sufficient information to make the menu practical and workable for a family of six.

NOTE: All menus in Sections 3 and 4 must be within the reach of average family finances, and nutritionally well balanced.



Baby has a beauty secret for you...

pure, mild Pears

Lovely Jennifer knows that pure, mild Pears is the best care precious complexions can have. Jennifer can't recall a bath-time without the thrilling luxury... the silken softness... of gentle Pears. She pays tribute to Pears for the fresh loveliness of her complexion. Use gentle Pears yourself, and your complexion too, will become soft and adorable.

Even on the hottest days—exposed to sun and wind—you'll be able to say, "With gentle Pears to look after my skin, my complexion is always flawless".



At dancin'-times you'll be proud of your Pears-dept complexion, you'll be proud of the lovelier look that pure, mild Pears and clear water has given to your skin.



Pears is the original transparent soap... it's so pure you can see right into the heart of each amber tablet

BUTCH



"Oh, I'm just the homey type. I don't like the hustle and bustle of bank and warehouse jobs."

HAZEL



"... you are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine!"

It seems to me...

RESULTS of a test of an absolutely silent room have convinced me of something I often suspected.

When United States Army Signal Corps engineers built an absolutely silent room to test special sound equipment they found that the room was so eerie that no one could stay in it more than half an hour.

Like many others, I have often felt that shortcomings in my work could be blamed on the fact that newspaper offices are about as peaceful as Central Railway Station.

When people ask us, "Do you have a nice, quiet room?" we answer "No," with a sad smile indicating that if we had they would be dazzled by our masterpieces.

Yet, let us stay in the office after hours and we begin to wonder whether the clatter of typewriters isn't perhaps a more soothing background to work than silence.

One special sports writer told me that when he moved from a daily paper to a more peaceful weekly with fewer visitors and a room to himself, he nearly passed out from melancholia. Suddenly he got an idea and asked the switch to ring him every 15 minutes.

"What about?" asked the switch.
"Nothing. Just ring me," he said. "I can't work without interruptions."

DEPARTMENT stores are breaking out in a terrible rash of "bars" lately.

Besides perfume bars, tie bars, hair bars, cosmetic bars, there is one in a big store labelled "Bra Bar."

I can't think how the store has resisted the temptation to make the sign read: "Bra Bar Pink Cheap."

FLYING saucers are back in the news again, and the U.S. Air Force says they're real, but doesn't know what they are.

One report says scientists have discarded the theory that they are visitations from Mars because if the Martians could get so close to the earth it's unlikely they'd depart without establishing contact.

But what vanity this is on our part! If the Martians are smart enough to send scouts reconnoitering the earth they'd be too clever by half to land. They might hit Australia and get deported as prohibited immigrants.

PLAN of the British Labor Minister (Mr. George Isaacs) for one-year apprenticeships for men over 50 should be heartening to men in that age group even if they're not particularly anxious to take a new job.

Britain, he said, had half a million jobs waiting to be filled, and firms must realise that older men can learn.

Shortage of manpower in most countries has made it expedient to consider the older workers who, before the war, often lived in fear that they would soon be thought too old even for the jobs they held.

There used to be a belief that older people couldn't learn a new job. Then came heartening statements that the capacity to acquire new skills doesn't diminish with age, provided the will to concentrate is still there.

It's cheering to workers who grew up before the war, when to be over 21 was to be too old in many industries.

Some may wonder cynically if the cry of "too old" won't be heard again when workers again outnumber jobs, but at least the past decade has raised the self-esteem of the senior contingent.

They now know that age is partly a matter of economics, and that, provided they keep afloat economically, there's no real need to abandon hope of new interests and fresh discoveries in the second half of their lives.

By



Dorothy Drain

TYRONE GUTHRIE talked a lot of sense during his tour of this country to advise on the possibilities of an Australian National Theatre.

Mr. Guthrie, a famous British producer with a wide knowledge of the British and European theatre, said flatly that Australia wasn't yet ready for a national theatre.

Instead, he suggested that some theatre people be sent abroad under a scholarship plan, and that top-ranking English and European companies be brought here.

Many people have felt that to attempt to graft a national theatre on to a country which isn't notably theatre-loving would be only looking for deficits.

Besides, though a few good plays of Australian character have been written, nobody could really claim that we have any distinctive body of dramatic literature. Our theatre, in the main, would have to stem from older cultures.

Mr. Guthrie's suggestions are eminently more sensible. What they might achieve is proved by the great increase in concert audiences and musical appreciation during the past ten years.

One of the main reasons for this has been the importation of celebrities from overseas. Quite apart from the outstanding talent of many of these, they had a drawcard value because of their famous names. Many Australians who formerly had only a small interest in music were primarily attracted because of the fame of the visitor, then began to cultivate an interest in music for its own sake.

Imported theatrical companies can waken an interest in the theatre in a generation reared only on films, and provide standards of comparison for both actors and audience.

IN 1912, one Randolph Melzer deposited 1000 dollars in the Evansville (U.S.A.) National City Bank, to be used in the year 2126 for a home for stray cats and dogs.

Some mathematician has worked out that the money will then be worth 20,000,000 dollars.

By that time, the way things are going, there may be only cats and dogs left, though—I'm in a pessimistic mood just now—they'll probably be fighting too—like cats and dogs.

OWNER of a yacht which sailed to Sydney recently from New Zealand said when he arrived that he thought Sydney "rather an offhand place like most big harbors."

Our Harbor is our pride and joy, but does it have a heart?

Are little boys less blasé, and little cows more kind? When you cross, with tribulations, the mighty seas that part,

Do you sigh for snigger moorings that you left so far behind?

The great majestic liners sail, stately, to the sea, With wakes like trains of dowagers, and snobbish, throaty cries,

The ferries, those career girls, trip by unheedingly, And spare no glance for strangers launched under distant skies.

But there are sunny corners with nets spread out to dry Where cheerful men paint little boats and sun-brown children play

And gulls, red-footed, on the sand, that cock a friendly eye:

"For water-rats the waterfront is always home," they say.

Like to get outdoors?



Your hair gets hungry in this climate. Hungry for the natural oils which draw from your scalp! If you don't replace these oils you're in for DRY SCALP and 'HUNGRY HAIR'.

Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every morning supplements the natural scalp

oils and guards against lifeless "HUNGRY HAIR".

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic helps clear away loose dandruff and leaves your hair well-groomed and protected. Give your hair this special care. Ask for "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Your hair looks better, your scalp feels better.



How to relieve stomach acidity

Stomach acidity, causing attacks of indigestion, may be quickly and safely relieved by taking Digestif Rennies. Rennies do not over-alkalise the stomach, or provoke acidity.

To take a Digestif Rennie, slip off the paper wrapping and allow the tablet to dissolve in the mouth. One tablet is sufficient in most cases, sometimes two will be needed. Do not dilute Rennies with water, but simply allow them to dissolve in the mouth.

DIGESTIF RENNIES

are made by E. Griffith Hughes Ltd., of Manchester, England, and are stocked by chemists in two sizes of packages.



Going Deaf?

An authoritative article on the use of Radon to prevent middle-ear deafness, most common cause of loss of hearing, is written by Gerald Stewart. The whole subject of deafness is thoroughly discussed and explained. Read about it in the May issue of "A.M."—Australia's national magazine for men and women. On sale now at all Newsagents. . . . 1/-

Model housing



MURRIN BRIDGE ABORIGINAL STATION. Friends gather round fireplace in Mrs. Victor Podham's house, one of 43 built by the N.S.W. Aborigines' Welfare Board. Murrin Bridge is the first of 10 new stations.



YOUNG PUPILS at settlement school. Children are bright, especially at hand-work. At morning recess each child receives a glass of milk and two slices of bread and butter and vitamin spread.

Melbourne girl's success story in America

Is partner with ex-G.I. husband in thriving printing firm

From LLOYD CLARKE of our New York staff

Rhoda Van der Clute, a vivacious and enterprising red-haired war bride, from Toorak (Victoria), has been in the United States only two years, but already she's been appointed president of an organisation providing a printing service to banks, and is part-owner of a thriving printing establishment.

MRS. VAN DER CLUTE was formerly Rhoda Sawkins, personal secretary to the managing director of the Myer Emporium, Melbourne (Mr. Norman Myer).

She met a G.I. private, Theodore Van der Clute, at a Red Cross dance in Melbourne, and a few weeks later stepped off quietly one afternoon to be married to him. Nine months ago her husband graduated, and the pair decided to start on their own.

"We had only 150 dollars (\$50) capital between us, but it seemed an exciting adventure, and we bought an old second-hand press," she said.

The business, which they've registered as "Castlereagh Press," is on the main street at Merrick, Long Island, and the plant and machinery they've since installed is valued at 10,000 dollars.

In a rough working-smock thickly daubed with ink and grease from the printing machines, Rhoda said: "I owe the Myer Emporium a lot. I learned about business organisation there, and I've applied it to things here."

"When I first met Van (his first name is Theodore) he was a rather nice G.I. who took me for a walk in a Melbourne park and painted an anything but rosy picture."

"He told me that he was learning the printing trade and that he had been earning a little money on the side as a part-time ice-man. But his enthusiasm was infectious and we both felt that we were the right people to string along together."

When Rhoda arrived in the United States two years ago, Van der Clute was at school learning the printing trade. His allotment under the Government system of financing trade education was insufficient to keep them, so Rhoda took a job as

secretary to an Australian Government official.

Perched on the edge of a pile of paper in a back room of "the shop," Mrs. Van der Clute said: "When I look back on it all, it seems a rather romantic sort of tale, but, believe me, it's been darned hard work."

"When we bought our hand-operated press we devoted most of our time to roping in business from the local traders—handbills for grocery stores, church notices, and that sort of thing."

"With the few dollars we were able to save we bought a second-hand offset machine and Van really went to work on it."

"In no time at all it seemed we were printing small magazines, and what we made from that went back into a two-color press. Next month we're looking forward to a brand new four-color press, and then we're really going to town."



AUSTRALIAN WIFE with her ex-G.I. husband—Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Van der Clute.

"Van, of course, is the technical expert. He looks after the machines and does most of the practical work."

"Up till now we've just been a staff of two. We're going to have to do something about that shortly."

"I've taken care of the hunt for customers, and in between times I look after the books. I've learned to set type, too, and can occasionally give Van a hand when we have a big order."

"But at home . . . well, it's just different. We never mention the business. If we have any arguments at all it's usually about what programme someone wants to listen to on the radio."

The couple live in an attractive three-room apartment some 15 miles from Merrick. They drive to and from work in a rather battered old Buick coupe which Van's engineering skill manages to keep serviceable.

"I haven't lost any of my love for Australia," Mrs. Van der Clute told me, "and I boom it as best I can. But there's no doubt that there are opportunities in America for enterprising people, and it's a real thrill to find yourself battling in a world that can be viciously commercial at times."

"The Americans have so many things that are 'just best,' but one is occasionally surprised to notice that some things seem to have been overlooked. That's how the banking service started."

"I was talking to the president of

the local bank one day, after he'd given me an order for some with-drawn forms."

"I suggested that it mightn't be a bad idea to have some standardised forms drawn up so that there would be more uniformity among the privately owned banks."

"He thought it a wonderful idea and in no time the Cortland Bank Service was a registered company."

"I was elected president, and, of course, was also instrumental in putting in a good bid for the printing. We got it. To-day we're supplying forms to banks in many towns."

Asked about the title of the printing firm, Mrs. Van der Clute said: "I've always had something of an affection for Castlereagh Street in Sydney. When we had to find a name, Van and I checked all the registers and found, as far as we know, that there's not another 'Castlereagh' in the whole United States."

The pair work a "9 till 5" routine, with no work on Saturdays.

"Saturdays I really love, because I can get round the shops. The Americans have lots of wonderful things, but with some knowledge of the retail business behind me I'm surprised that even famous stores like Macy's and Saks Fifth Avenue don't provide the services one finds in Australian stores."

Mrs. Van der Clute never misses a chance to speak about Australia publicly. Many of her business missions have brought her in contact with women's and men's business clubs, and she's appeared as guest speaker at several.

When one club president asked her her first impression of America she told him that she thought that Americans were inclined to be "pill happy."

"To some extent I've changed my mind about that. For instance, I take a calcium tablet every day and feel sure that it would be a good thing for every Australian to do the same. We lack calcium in our diet, and it has its results where our teeth are concerned."

"And don't think that people don't know about it. It's a shame that Australia has such a reputation for bad teeth."

"I recently visited a town on Long Island to give a lecture about Australia. The local Press turned out to meet me, and a photographer asked me to smile for a picture."

"I couldn't help overhearing a remark by one of the group, who said: 'Whaddya know—an Australian with teeth!'"



STATION MANAGER Roy Harvey, gunner, with some of station's popular variety of clothing is on sale at settlement.



CURLY-HAIRED two-year-old, shudders as he steps into rain-water. Photographs by staff photographer Eric.

scheme for aborigines on Lachlan River



FOOTBALL TEAM, named Murrin Bridge All Blacks, includes several former members of Condobolin team which won Rugby League competition in district three consecutive times. Eighty per cent of adult men are in steady work.

★ Recently opened Murrin Bridge Aboriginal Station is built on a bend of the Lachlan River, N.S.W., in fertile country. It is the most advanced station of its kind in Australia and the first of 10 new stations. The 43 dwellings include 34 cottages, a single men's quarters, four cottages for itinerants, and four earth-floored cottages for full-blooded aborigines. The fibro-cement cottages are well built, and aboriginal housewives are advised on their upkeep. The station has a school, recreation hall, and well-equipped clinic. There is a church with a belfry, and the residents are hoping for a bell. They also want a piano, radio, and projector for educational films.



HANDICRAFT WORK done by girls at settlement school is examined by Mrs. Albert Smith, wife of schoolmaster. Girls and their mothers have made rugs for the floors of their new homes.



SCHOOLMASTER Albert Smith, former Sydney teacher, with some of youngest of his 43 pupils. His wife also teaches.



FREDERICK BIGGS, one of station's oldest inhabitants, with dog which he claims is best rabbit of all the dogs in district.



LACHLAN RIVER from edge of the 960-acre station area. Most of the men living on settlement are in steady employment and cottages are let to families at varied rentals, all below £1 a week.

THANK YOU
DOCTOR

Ford Pills made me a new woman. It's great to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer every time.

FORD PILLS

THANK YOU
DOCTOR

I have taken Ford Pills while feeding each of my three children. I think they are just right for Nursing Mothers. They're so gentle and dependable.

FORD PILLS

THANK YOU
DOCTOR

I was about on the edge of a nervous breakdown, but since I started on Ford Pills I feel as fit as a fiddle—never felt better in my life.

FORD PILLS

THANK YOU
DOCTOR

I never lose time from work now. Those Backaches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills and I can work all day without getting tired.

For indigestion, Constipation, Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism & Headaches, Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative for all your family.

In plastic tubes,
2/6 Everywhere

FORD PILLS

PRESENTLY Dunk tired of it. He sat on a boulder and watched his father's futile casting for elusive trout. He said, finally, "Dad, I think I know perhaps how to land one of those old fellows."

"You do? Fine! Want to try your rod again?"

Dunk shook his damp head. His lower lip jutted thoughtfully as he waded slowly towards a sharp bend in the stream. There was a huge overhanging boulder there, and below it the water was deep and calm.

Dunk considered it all with the glum precision of a scientist; then, suddenly, his dripping brown heels flew upwards and his body vanished.

Just about the time Tom Archer began to feel alarmed, his son popped upright again.

"Here you are, Dad," Duncan cried, miraculously producing a fat, speckled trout from beneath a rock. He threw the fish accurately to the bank, where it flopped wildly among the damp leaves. It was fifteen inches long.

"What in —" his father said. "The old fellow had to be there," Dunk said breathlessly. "I worked it out while I was watching you having your fun. It's nice and quiet there, and deep. The rock slab on the lower side sort of hems it in. I worked it out that the fish could get in easily, but not out. He was there when I went down."

"Was that why you practised holding your breath?"

"No, Dad."

There was a long silence.

"Would you care to confide in me, old man?"

"No, Dad," Dunk said. "I wouldn't."

He looked stubborn. His father didn't press the examination. He put Dunk's fish in the creel and went back to his sport. Dunk sat quietly on the bank, watching his father amusing himself. Tom Archer found himself casting with more and more ferocity. In the end he got his hook caught up in a bush and had to cut his line.

Then they went home. The expedition had not been a success. Tom unburdened himself bitterly to his wife in the privacy of their bedroom that night.

"It's fun and I know it's fun; but I don't believe it while Dunk's watching me. If I take him again, I'll end by breaking my rod and hunting for some more sensible way to waste my time and money."

They talked in low tones about Dunk for a while and then drifted off to sleep. Suddenly Tom's eyes opened with a jerk. The shrill yapping of a dog had disturbed him. It was Pudgy, that belonged to the Smiths next door.

Betty woke up.

"Mercy, what an uproar!"

"It's Pudgy," he padded to the window, then his ire changed to bewildered annoyance. "Look at the fool! Now how in the name of commonsense did he get up there?"

The barn was like a sagging white blotch in the moonlight. Pudgy's black shape was easily distinguishable up near the peak of the barn roof on the outside of the structure. He had evidently made his way aloft in the stairless barn by some incomprehensible dog gymnastics, and had been lured out of the window by the moonlight to a narrow ledge. He was now trapped and terrified.

"We'll have to ring up the police and get someone out here with a long ladder," Tom fumed. "I'd go out myself to stop this racket, only the barn is too shaky to try to climb up from the inside. . . Here, boy! Stop that noise! Nuzzle Pudgy!"

Betty Archer had retreated from the window to go down to the telephone. Suddenly Tom heard her choked voice.

"Tom! He's not here! His door's open and his bedroom's empty. Dunk's gone!"

Tom was turning from the window when he froze with fright. He could see Dunk's close-cropped head peering into the moonlight from that high barn opening across the back lawn. A small hand grasped the shaky casing, a pyjama-clad leg groped gingerly for a foothold on the narrow ledge outside. His father's shrill voice became instantly gentle.

"Hello, old man. That's a silly thing to do. You remember, I warned you about it? Pudgy is all right. Your mother has telephoned for the police. They'll be here soon

The Venerable Mr. Archer

Continued from page 20

with a ladder. Get inside, Dunk. Come down the way you went up." "I can't," Dunk said unevenly. The fact that he was so tense made his father frightened. "I climbed up on a rope over one of the barn beams. I can't go back that way because my weight pulled the beam out of plumb. . . Besides, Pudgy has no sense. He'll fall—and if he falls, he'll be killed."

DUNK pulled a long rope into view and let it dangle to the ground. It was evidently fastened to something inside the peak of the barn. Dunk squirmed cautiously to the dizzy ledge, reached quickly with one hand and grabbed Pudgy by the scruff of his neck.

"Dunk, get back!" his father said quickly. "Put the dog down. That's my wish. Do you understand?"

"Dad, I'm—I'm sorry, I can't. He's wriggling like a fool and this ledge is narrow. If he jumps out of my grip, he'll —"

Dunk teetered. He grabbed convulsively with his free hand. Tom Archer quenced his wife's scream with a quick palm. The boy caught the dangling rope and somehow his bare feet twisted round it. He slid jerkily downward, one hand clutching the wildly howling dog.

While he was still in mid-air there was a sudden crash from rotted

wood inside the barn's loft. The rope gave way. Dunk and Pudgy fell twenty feet to the ground.

The dog rolled over and over, then rebounded dizzily to his short, hairy legs. He raced like a black streak to the moonlit hedge and disappeared from sight.

His father reached the barn a few seconds before Dunk's mother. The boy's eyes were wide open and very calm, but one leg was bent underneath him.

"I'm sorry, Dad," he whispered. "I didn't want to disobey you, but Charlie Smith's mother is awful fond of Pudgy—and he'd have been killed if I —"

Somewhat, Dunk missed time and space for a while. When he became aware of things again he was back in his own bed, his broken leg very straight and numb.

The room smelled very sleepy. Dad was alone with Dunk, and that was nice.

"Nice going, old man," Dad said. "I'm proud of you."

"I didn't mean to disobey you. When I promised you about the barn the other day, I really —"

"I know. You're an obedient boy. But sometimes, Dunk, a boy meets an emergency when he has to behave like a man. And when that happens the rules of conduct have to be changed."

"You mean, you understand how I feel about — things?"

"Not quite, Dunk, but that can wait. In the meantime, if there's

anything you want—anything on earth—I wish you'd tell me."

"I'd like—Dunk hesitated a long time—"If it isn't too much trouble—I'd like a—a fireman's helmet. A real one, Dad! Could you?"

"Why, of course," Tom Archer spoke carefully. "You like firemen, eh?"

"I've never thought of anything else since the night that big one in the rubber coat carried me down the ladder," Dunk breathed. "I'd rather be a fireman—a real one—than anything on earth. I've been studying, preparing for that—ever since."

"You mean, shining the oak tree, and—submerging, and studying my old chemistry book?"

It came out with a rush of joy.

"Yes, Dad!"

Dunk's voice quavered.

"Dad, when I'm twenty-one—can I be a fireman?"

Tom Archer looked mistily at his eight-year-old son.

"Dunk, I'll make you a promise. A solemn promise that you can count on. When you reach your twenty-first birthday, remind me about tonight. I'll take you down to the fire station and introduce you to the chief. O.K.?"

Dunk had to think a while for a fitting answer.

"Indubitably," he said.

The psychiatrist, Uncle William, a whole host of phantoms vanished for ever from the mind of Duncan Archer's father.

(Copyright)

TEENA

By
HILDA TERRY

False
Trails



The Set for Newly Weds



The Little Nipper is a money saver for everyone setting up house. Full radio enjoyment at little cost!

Speaking of newlyweds—some gift suggestions

As far as that goes why not make a gift of one of these H.M.V. products to yourself. All are on sale in any shop where you see the famous H.M.V. trademark.



"H.M.V." Controlled-Heat Iron — A twist of the control knob gives you the correct temperature for all types of fabrics. No scorching. Heat resisting handle. Finished in primrose enamel.



"H.M.V." Cavendish Room Heater — Plug it into a power point — and your room is gently, swiftly warmed all over. Made in England and finished in gleaming enamel. French Grey with Saxe Blue or Cream with Purple Brown.



"H.M.V." Personal Portable — As easy to carry as a small camera. Weighs exactly 3 lbs. 10 ozs. Gives excellent reception of local stations with low battery consumption.



"H.M.V." Table Radiogram — Model 118 incorporates the new developments of the larger H.M.V. Radiograms for the reproduction of recorded and broadcast music in its finest form.

25 Little Nippers in Prizes for owners of Pups which look most like "Nipper"

Look at Nipper, the fox terrier on the H.M.V. trademark — you can see it in the window of any H.M.V. dealer. Then, if your pup looks anything like Nipper take a snapshot of him sitting in the same position as Nipper. Send your photograph together with an entry form to your local H.M.V. distributor or direct to H.M.V. Homebush, Sydney. Mark your envelope "Little Nipper" — and remember to enclose your name and address. The owners of the 25 pups most like Nipper will win a "Little Nipper" radio in any color they choose. Entries close July 31. Results announced August 31. Entry Forms available at H.M.V. shops.

H.M.V.

proudly presents

"Little Nipper"

The most compact and beautiful little mantel model radio you've ever seen.



You can hold the Little Nipper on one hand. Width, 12". Height, 7½". Depth, 5½".



Four finger-grip holes at back make it safe and easy to carry the Little Nipper from room to room.

We are so proud of the Little Nipper we've called it after the most famous fox terrier in the world—the listening terrier which inspired our trade mark nearly 50 years ago. His name was Nipper.

Into the Little Nipper we've put the same fine quality of materials, the same fine workmanship, that we put into every higher-priced H.M.V. radio, receiver and radiogram.

In design the Little Nipper is far in advance of every other set of this type.

Its tone is clearer. Stronger. But that is something you must hear for yourself.

Even in this advertisement you can see for yourself how beautiful it is. Simple — yes. But so beautifully simple and so reliable in operation.

So beautifully inexpensive, too. Only £17/17/-. And when you see it — and compare it — you'll know that Little Nipper really IS value, 10/6 extra in West Australia.



His Master's Voice

You can hear the Little Nipper in every shop where you see the H.M.V. trademark.

His Master's Voice

THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD. (Incorporated in England), HOMERUSH, N.S.W.

Chifley Government's fake excuse for High Prices exposed by actual facts



The biggest single factor in bringing about price increases was the Chifley Government's abrupt and unwarrantable withdrawal of price subsidies and its refusal to grant funds to the States to replace subsidies.

The Socialist Government has, in fact, sabotaged State control of prices — and yet blames the "deficiencies" of State control for its own failures.

The Federal Labor Government is entirely to blame for the present extortionate cost of living and for the fact that prices have steadily increased since the Chifley Government "controlled" them. No faked excuse will convince Australia to the contrary.

The Liberal Party, as soon as returned, will take prompt steps along essentially practical lines to remedy the present disastrous position, and will, by the encouragement of incentives to increase production, stabilise and progressively reduce prices.

GIVE FINANCIAL
SUPPORT TO THE
LIBERAL PARTY—
send your contri-
bution to State
Headquarters.

THE GOVERNMENT FOR THE PEOPLE
Favouring none . . . Fair to all

Liberal

Authorized by M. M. Cleland, 30 Ash Street, Sydney.

Except Clancy

Continued from page 7

WENDY gave me her card. "This is my address, Mr. Donovan. I've got to hurry off now, so could you rather come and see me at my flat about seven this evening? We can discuss the whole matter over a cocktail, and you can see for yourself on the spot just what protection I will need."

I said: "It will be a pleasure," and then Clancy chimed in: "Should I come along, too?"

Wendy smiled, said: "Well," and then added: "Thanks for the offer, Miss Clancy, but I think this is really a job for a man, don't you?"

"I see what you mean," said Clancy.

I spoke up quickly. "Before you go, there's just one matter I'd like to get straight. This book with the map—have you got it somewhere safe?"

"It's in my flat," she said, "but it's hidden."

"Just how well is it hidden? Wouldn't it be safer in a bank?"

She answered my second question first. "Perhaps. If you think so, although I would like to have it handy for reference purposes. Just at the moment, though, I think it's quite safe. There's an art in hiding things, you know."

I didn't follow her. "An art?" I repeated.

"Yes. Haven't you read a story by Edgar Allan Poe called 'The Purloined Letter'—the trick of hiding a thing by leaving it in full view, so that no one recognises it?"

I said: "A bank is probably a lot safer. Maybe the criminal classes are also reading Poe these days."

She smiled. "Let's discuss all that to-night, shall we? I really must be going."

We said good-bye and walked on. Clancy sniffed into a wipe of white that smelt of lavender.

"You should have seen yourself," she said. "I will admit that in this case she met you halfway, but do you really think drooling impresses our clients?"

"Look," I said. "Let's get this quite straight. My interest in her is strictly professional."

She sniffed again.

It was a very small block of flats, in a quiet neighborhood. There were four apartments in the building—two upstairs and two on the ground floor. Wendy's was on the ground floor.

There was no answer either to my long ring on the doorbell or my banging on the door. Inside, the radio was switched on too loud.

When I turned the handle, the door opened. I walked in. I just missed treading on Wendy.

She was lying sprawled on the floor, shot dead.

Just for a moment the beastliness of the thing caught me, and I stood motionless, staring down at her. Then I switched off the radio, and took a good look-around. There was very little blood around the wound, and that hadn't congealed yet. I figured if I had come half an hour earlier I could have prevented what had happened.

Little things like cupboard doors opened showed someone had been looking for something, but either they hadn't got very far or else they'd found what they wanted, because things were not definitely untidy. The sideboard, for instance, didn't look as though it had been touched. There was a pair of book-ends on it, holding upright five novels all with their original book-jackets, and all issued by the same book club.

I guessed Wendy must have been a subscriber. I also guessed that despite her modern airs, she must

have been fascinated by history, because the books were "Gone With the Wind," "The Sea Hawk," and three other historical novels. I began to see why the idea of finding the Kruger millions weighed more with her than her own personal safety. Romanticism. Well, the bullet had done a quick job of curing her of that.

I took another quick look around. There was a door in the far wall which evidently led to the bedroom. I took a couple of steps towards it, and then stopped. I don't know what made me stop—maybe it was some sound so faint that I couldn't place it—but I suddenly swung round, and I took my pistol out of my pocket as I moved.

For a second I was only suspicious, then I noticed something definite. Slowly, very slowly, the handle of the front door was twisting round. I crouched.

Unexpectedly there was a step behind me. I had no time to move, but my eyes swivelled, and I caught a glimpse of a boot, huge-soled and misshapen. Then two things happened. In the same instant a pair of shoes ran past my line of vision to the front door, and a cushioned weight jurred the back of my brain. I fell into a long dark tunnel with flashes of light and I whooshed down a shaft of jet. And after that there was nothing.

Not for quite some while, anyway. Then the light flashes came back, and the pain in my head, and when I opened my eyes I saw feet, lots of pairs this time, and my face was dripping wet, and there were loud voices, and I felt sick.

The feet belonged to the police, and a couple of them helped me up on to a chair. A hand extended a drink. I took it—the drink, not the hand—and then I looked to see who had given it to me. It was mournful-looking Detective-Inspector Billy Brendan, and I tonated him with my eyes before gulping.

"Better?" he asked, and then sighed. "Sorry to worry you, Donovan," he went on, "but if you can make a statement I would appreciate it."

I went straight on to the story. When I had finished he nodded his head gloomily.

"They must have been waiting in the other room," he said. "You probably interrupted them while they were searching. I wonder if they found the book?"

"No," I said, "it's still here." I told him where to look, and he found it. "What's worrying me," I went on, "is, who was coming through the front door?"

"Does this tell you anything? One of my men found it on the floor." He held out to me a tiny white handkerchief. I put it to my nose, but even before I did that I knew it smelt of lavender.

"Clancy," I said.

"Then that explains something else," said Billy. "A man in the other apartment downstairs noticed two men carrying a rolled-up carpet to a car about an hour ago. There seems to be a rug missing from the bedroom. According to the witness one of the men seemed to be limping."

"Clubfoot," I said. "So they've got Clancy. Probably beating her right now to try to find out where the book is. And she knows nothing, poor kid."

Billy Brendan looked distressed. "We'll get them, Donovan," he said. "There can't be too many club-footed men in Johannesburg. Sooner or later we'll get them . . ."

Please turn to page 31

Remember! No other pen



I

IMPATIENTLY I cut in: "It'll probably be too late for Clancy," I said. "No, Billy, I want to work on this thing myself, and right now. Any objections to my leaving?"

"No." He looked a bit doubtful. "If you've got a lead or any other information, don't you think—?"

"No lead," I said. "A hunch—maybe. I want to check up on it—it's better than just doing nothing. I'll keep you posted."

"Go ahead," he said.

When I pulled up outside the Clarion building, I sat in the car for quite a while. One reason was that my head was swimming, the other that I had suddenly realised I'd come out without my gun, and I was debating whether I should go back and fetch it.

Then I thought of the time involved and what might be happening to Clancy. I climbed out of the car.

Mike Johnson, the news editor, greeted me like a long-lost pal.

"What happened to your head?" he asked. "Turn your back on the girl-friend for a moment?"

"No," I said. "A rat bit me. Look, Mike, I'm in a hurry, and I need some information. Is the reporter who turned in that story on the woman looking for the Kruger millions on duty to-night?"

"You're out of luck," he said. "Wait a minute, though—how urgent is this?"

"Very urgent."

"Then I don't suppose he'll mind if I send you to his home. His name's Fernandez. Just a second, and I'll write down the address."

I took the paper from him, said "thanks," and then "Can I use your phone?"

"Yes. Go ahead."

After I had finished, he looked at me curiously. "What is this, Donovan?" he said. "It sounds like a story."

"It is," I said. "A good one. You'll get the official hand-out from the police, but if you want something really exclusive, contact me to-morrow. By the way, you don't happen to have a gun on you?"

"Not me. My pen is mightier than a pistol. What time shall I get in touch with you to-morrow?"

"No," I said. "On second thoughts I'll call you. So long, now."

"So long."

Outside, I had another good look at the address. I knew the locality, although the name of the building was strange. I pointed the nose of my car in the right direction.

It was another small block of flats,

Except Clancy

Continued from page 30

out who the reporter was. I was only looking for information—I didn't realise your son had written the story himself. At least, not until I saw him at the door and recognised him from the description I'd been given."

The old man said, "You see, Miguel, I told you it was not such a good idea. Now we will have to get out."

"Not without the book," said the young man. "He knows."

I sighed. "You could have saved yourself discomfort, Clancy," I said. "Why didn't you at least tell them what you do know?"

"But I did, Donovan," she said. "I told them all about Edgar Allan Poe and 'The Purloined Letter.' Only they seemed to think I was stalling."

"That was the whole secret," I said. "That's all I knew, and I didn't need any other information." Clancy's face twisted in a snarl.

"I thought you were going to be co-operative, Donovan. If you won't tell us what we want to know plainly and simply without any cryptic references, we'll have to persuade you to tell the truth. No, on second thoughts perhaps you might be more willing to talk if we simply proceeded with our plan for Miss Clancy."

"The rough stuff's unnecessary," I said hastily. "I'll tell you what you want to know."

He eyed me shrewdly. "Very well," he said. "Where is the book?"

"It's in plain sight on the side-board of Mrs. Parnier's flat."

"You lie. I'd know that book anywhere, and I searched the place thoroughly. I'll give you one last chance to show your respect for Miss Clancy. Where is the book?"

"I've told you. You didn't recognise it because it's got the jacket of 'Gone With the Wind' around it. That's the principle of hiding things as expressed in Poe's story—if you want to conceal an object leave it in plain sight among other similar objects."

They looked at each other. It was Miguel who spoke next. "Are you the only one who knows where the book is?"

I said, "I've already told the police."

O

LD FERNANDEZ cursed. "We won't get it now," he said, "and the sooner we clear out the better. We won't leave you two as witnesses, either," Donovan. Miguel, turn up the radio."

A mournful voice said: "I don't like loud music." Billy Brendan pointed his police revolver round the corner of the door leading to the passage, and behind him there were other men.

Miguel's pistol clattered to the floor as he raised his arms.

"I came over as soon as I could after our phone conversation," said Brendan, "but I was afraid we wouldn't get here soon enough. Thanks for leaving the front door off the latch—I suppose it was you?"

"It was," I said.

Clancy was full of questions. "How did you know I went to that woman's flat and they caught me there? When I saw you, you were stone cold."

I passed over her handkerchief.

"You left your trademark," I said, "and the man next door saw them carrying you to the car."

"Why did you telephone Brendan?"

"Just a hunch. I didn't know I was going to the right place straight off, but I thought I'd be picking up information there, and I didn't want to waste time. I'd left my pistol behind, so I thought it would be a good idea if Brendan came along."

"I see. And why—?"

I interrupted. "Now wait a minute. This whole case is as plain as a pikestaff to me. Except for one thing. Why did you come along to Wendy's flat to-night? You knew you wouldn't be welcome."

"You're such a brilliant Sherlock," she said, a little bitterly, "you should be able to work that one out by yourself."

"Well, let me see," I speculated. "You had nothing to make you imagine I was walking into trouble. No. If we weren't strictly business partners—but, under the circumstances, of course, that's impossible. No, I give it up! I can't think of a single reason why you'd follow me there."

I looked across at her. There she was, strictly hard-boiled and poker-faced Clancy, and so help me her eyes were full of tears.

"You big idiot," she said.

(Copyright)

It isn't the baking that makes a pie dish look old and shabby...



It's harsh cleaning



But sprinkle a little VIM on your pot cleaner and...



VIM's added cleansing power will quickly shift burnt-on food without scratching



VIC. PATRICK

and FAMILY all agree: "Horlicks is extra delicious and more nourishing. It's our family food drink"

Vic. Patrick—famous Australian boxer—is very much the family man. And do you wonder why, when you see his charming wife and two lovely daughters, Anne and Vicki?

Both Vic and his wife, Nancy, swear by Horlicks. Mrs. Patrick says: "You'll always find Horlicks in our house. It's so nourishing." And Vic says: "Naturally I watch my health carefully at all times. And that's why I like Horlicks so much... it helps me sleep and keeps me in fighting trim."

The full, satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is Nature's favour... that's why you never tire of it. Many people drink Horlicks at home simply because

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HORLICKS
The delicious, nourishing food drink



"You've got to be fit—to fight," says Vic. Patrick. And that's one good reason why he enjoys Horlicks—it's such a nourishing and sustaining health drink.

they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to build them up... to nourish the body and nerves... and to induce sleep, refreshing sleep. Horlicks is equally delicious hot or cold.

NOW IN THRIFTY
8-oz. Tin
2/2
as well as **3/6**
16-oz. tin
(Prices slightly higher in country areas)



Yours faithfully

by MARTIN WISDOM



3000 B.C.—1949 A.D.

The Chinese applied the principle of insurance to the mercantile activities of the year 3000 B.C. Primitive boats carrying valuable merchandise frequently foundered and were lost. So the astute merchants hit upon the plan of spreading their cargoes over many ships, so that if one were lost only a portion of the total consignment would be lost with it.

This is the principle of modern insurance — the system whereby small subscriptions from many people form a large pool from which individual losses may be met.

This principle has been lauded by leading personalities of every age. Thus we have General Omar Bradley, of the U.S. Army, declaring, "Insurance is to the individual what the armed forces are to the nation. Each furnishes indispensable protection for which adequate provision must be made in advance. To wait until something happens is just too late."

I commend that last sentence to everyone. Think about it. Don't let its obviousness obscure its wisdom.

Martin Wisdom

INSURANCE INSPECTOR

Inspected by the member Companies of the Fire, Accident and Marine Underwriters' Association of Australia.

"They work for Your Safety."

C39

I NDIGNANTLY

Temperance adjusted her horn-rimmed glasses, which had been shaken loose on her slightly tilted nose by the violence of the young man's attack. She turned on him angrily.

"You must be drunk," she said sharply.

"I am not," he assured her. "I'm mad." He released one arm to show her a clenched fist, which unclenched one finger at a time to illustrate his point.

"My girl has stood me up," he said. "For the third time, mark you. 'It isn't safe,' I told her, 'to push a lunatic too far. One of these days I'll do something really crazy. I'll snaffle the first wench I run into blind.'" He stood off, taking a dispassionate view of her. "You're it," he said.

She could see how he felt. Probably when it came to girls he'd been born unlucky. "I'm what?" she asked.

"It," he said. He grinned, rather ingratiatingly. "Invited."

"To what?"

He jerked his head to the bright lights of the theatre. "Don't ask me. Some sort of radio show. But she nagged me till I had to practically bribe, threaten, and lose friends to get the tickets. I'm going to use them if it kills me."

He took off his hat, perhaps to show that his intentions though violent were honorable. "My name's Andrew McKail. From Alabama. One-time pilot, now selling encyclopaedias to the populace. Not many of 'em—encyclopaedias, I mean." He added, "And I'm Andy to my friends."

"I shall call you Andrew," she said sarcastically.

He cocked his good-looking head at her. "What's yours?" he asked. "I can't call you 'it' for a whole evening, can I?"

"You can't," she said, "because there isn't going to be any evening, whole or otherwise."

"Oh, yes, there is," he said. "I've stood enough from women."

She considered him dubiously. Then she took a deep breath. She was like a fisherman pulling up a large, inedible fish from the bottom of the sea.

"Temperance," she said. "Temperance R. Fare." She forestalled him. "I laughed first."

"I wasn't laughing."

"It's my grandmother's name," she explained.

"What's 'R' stand for?"

The Great Question

Continued from page 9

"None of your business."

He grinned. "I bet I know what's short for Temperance."

"That joke," she said, "was never really funny." But then her manner softened. "Believe it or not, my temper's my best feature. It's just that it gets frayed sometimes."

Her voice, though rather flat with discouragement, was nice. All he had to do was not look at her.

"It's a fraying sort of life," he said. "That's why I like planes. They take you out of it." A gust of rain blew against her spectacles; she took them off and rubbed them with a dampish-looking handkerchief. Somehow that decided him.

"You'd save my life," he pleaded. He added with pathos, "Of course, if you've got a date, yourself."

"Do I look like a girl with a date?" She turned and walked beside him.

"I feel fit to be tied, too," she said. "Wherever we're going, let's go."

They were late, of course. If you waited for Cynthia you were always late. Their seats were in the middle of the longest row, in the full glare of the footlights. But the people who stood up for them grinned rather sheepishly, as though they saw the joke.

But it wasn't a joke, he thought angrily. Besides, how did these idiots know the girl wasn't his sister? He took a wary side glance at her. What, he wondered, made a woman buy a hat like that?

As though she wondered, herself, she took it off and stowed it ruthlessly out of sight. But without noticeable improvement. Her hair was of no particular color, done in no particular way. There was indeed nothing particular about her small, pale face except the long line of the jaw, ending in a small but aggressive chin.

The slightly upturned nose supporting the horn-rimmed spectacles

Notice to contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2500 to 4000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4005W, G.P.O. Sydney.

gave her the look of a serious, stubborn little girl. Her hands were precisely folded in her lap. They were rather square and very functional. Not even nail polish. Evidently, she'd given up the struggle. Or maybe she had never struggled.

Before the lowered curtain, a blonde with a small voice and nice legs sang about love into a microphone, while a plumpish young man in double-breasted, dove-grey pin-stripes watched her with a fraternal solicitude from the right-hand stage corner.

Andrew McKail sat back and closed his eyes. He wished himself anywhere but where he was, preferably 16,000 feet up in his old B-25, and climbing fast. At 5000, he could feel Cynthia's claws loosening their grip on him. At 10,000, he couldn't remember what she looked like, and didn't care.

But sooner or later he'd have to come down to earth, and there she'd be waiting for him, poisonously sweet, blindingly lovely, and mulishly set on whatever she happened, at the moment, to think was good for Cynthia. Or more likely she wouldn't be waiting.

He sighed and folded his arms hard over his chest, as though to keep his heart from flying out of it in hot pursuit. There were things she just couldn't do to him. But suppose, for once, she hadn't done them? Suppose she'd missed the bus, or it had run over her?

At this very moment she might be in a hospital, calling in anguish for him. Or suppose, overcome by remorse and love, she had raced to the theatre, only half an hour late, and was at this very moment waiting and trusting to his constancy, in the bitter November rain? Suppose she was still there when he came out and saw how he had betrayed her trust?

At that he winced. He had a horrid conviction that she'd just throw back her golden head and laugh herself sick. And serve him right. A fine, silly mess his unreasonable temper had got him into this time.

No doubt the girl he'd picked would expect to be fed after the show and escorted home . . .

A sharp elbow nudged him in the ribs.

"Don't fidget!" Temperance Fare said severely. "It's rude."

"I feel rude," he retorted crossly.

SOON, the blonde had said her last word about love. The pin-striped young man, lurking in readiness, pounced on the microphone and clasped its willowy waist in a plump white hand while he made an encouraging come-on signal with the other. The audience applauded dutifully.

"Ladies and gentlemen, that was pretty Kate Leroy singing 'Too Late' . . . Thank you, Kate. That was lovely. And now, friends and fellow countrymen: This is Bill Clyde speaking to you over the N.Y.X.2 network on behalf of Rub-4-U Sparkles, which bring the light to every woman's eye."

Mr. Clyde measured the applause by his gold stop-watch, and at the precise second indicated by a friendly but decided gesture that enough was enough. He took a firmer stance. He bent wooingly close to the microphone's large, attentive ear. He swayed with her. At any moment, Andrew McKail reflected hopefully, they might dance off-stage together.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the curtain is now rising. My sponsors, Rub-4-U Sparkles, that take the curse off every woman's washday, wish, with me, that everyone in our vast unseen audience could see what we are going to see."

The solemn hush quivered and broke into a low moan of anguished anticipation, as a widening strip of light fell on the upturned, spell-bound faces. Young, every last one of them, and paired off, as Andrew observed for the first time and with the first twinge of uneasiness, like the inmates of the Ark. Now what, in Pete's name, had Cynthia got him into this time?

Then he forgot her. Over the huge stage, suspended from the flies like a bird caught in full flight, was the prettiest single-engine, four-passenger Flyaway he had ever laid his adoring eyes on. If Cynthia herself had floated out overhead he couldn't have been more heart-shaken with delight.

He heard the girl beside him sigh deeply, though what a plane could mean to her he couldn't think. Beneath it, like a house seen from the skies, was a miniature Cape Cod cottage, lawn and picket fence complete, a girl-doll at the gate waving a welcome to a boy-doll who was just stepping out of a long, shiny convertible.

Please turn to page 33

"BREAKFAST at the WEATHER BUREAU"

MY LEFT EAR'S ITCHY — IT'S GOING TO BE FRESH AND CRISP TODAY!

FRESH AND CRISP! HE'S TALKING ABOUT KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES — THEIR WAXTIE INNERSEAL WRAPPER KEEPS THE FLAVOUR IN THE AIR OUT!

FUNNY, THE WEATHER NEVER AGREES WITH ME HERE!

TRY THESE CRISPER CRUNCHIER KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES — THEY'LL AGREE WITH YOU. BOY WHAT FLAVOUR.... THEY'RE DE-LICIOUS!

THE HOLIDAY WAS GREAT THANKS — EXCEPT FOR ONE 'LOW PRESSURE BELT' AND A SLIGHT CYCLONIC DEPRESSION ON FRIDAY.

ONE PLATE OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES WITH MILK AND SUGAR PLUS FRESH FRUIT AND BUTTERED TOAST GIVES YOU 1/3 OF YOUR DAILY FOOD NEEDS. THERE'S A BREAKFAST FOR YOU!

WE GOT HERE THE DAY IT RAINED CATS AND DOGS!

FORECAST: BREAKFAST WILL BE CHEAPER WHEN YOU SERVE KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES WITH MILK AND SUGAR. ONLY A FRACTION OF THE COST OF HEAVY BREAKFASTS AND EQUAL IN ENERGY VALUE TO 3 EGGS OR FIVE SAUSAGES!

ALWAYS SAY 'KELLOGG'S' BEFORE YOU SAY 'CORN FLAKES'

KRAFT 1oz. FISH PASTES

2 for 7¹⁰/₂



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KF91

Eyes Burn?

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I-San

Oh! my
aching back!

For the relief of
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Sciatica, Lum-
bago, Neuritis,
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WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE-

Without Colic!—And You'll Jump Out
of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of good bile daily to your food's digestion. You suffer from wind, you get constipated, your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired, and weary, and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes three good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel up and up. Bileless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Slightly more than anything else, 2/- & 1/2.

The Australian Women's Weekly—May 14, 1949

The Great Question

Continued from page 32

ALONG the sides of the stage, like a Greek chorus about to break into full cry, were grouped an electric stove, a dishwasher, a refrigerator, a deep-freeze unit, a television-radio set in lush mahogany, a rosewood baby grand, and two large steamer trunks spilling out an exuberance of male and female wear and underwear.

In addition, complete sets of dining-room, living-room, and bedroom furniture warmed up raised platforms to a culminating kitchen, which shimmered with chromium efficiency against a backdrop representing some Californian mountain or other. On its highest peak, boy-dolls and girl-dolls, now hand in hand, gazed entranced into the red face of a newly risen sun.

"Friends," Mr. Clyde said solemnly, "this is the Honeymoon Flight, with Rub-4-U's good wishes—to two of you."

"See here!" Andrew McKail began. "What is all this?"

"If you don't listen," his companion whispered fiercely, "you'll never know."

Mr. Clyde lifted his collarbone affectionately by her metal neck and dumped her closer to the footlights.

"Before we come to the Great Question," he said, and twinkled almost audibly, "I want to ask two little questions." His voice sank to a conspiratorial, all-reaching whisper: "First—do you love each other?"

He allowed three seconds for a gratifying response.

"Bless you all. I was sure of it. I had only to look at you. But—and this is the second question—will you always love each other, till death do you part, as the good old saying goes? That's what Rub-4-U Sparkles want to know for quite, quite sure. Is there anyone among you who doubts, who feels a change creeping over his or her heart, a faltering of purpose?"

He pointed a dramatic finger at the collective face.

"If so, let him or her speak or forever hold his or her peace. Because, in a few minutes, two out of this vast gathering of Rub-4-U fans, who know from experience that Rub-4-U Sparkles keep women's hands and hearts sweet and loving even after the biggest washday, will see their dearest dream come true. Those who have no such dreams—hold up their hands!"

"Sit still!" Temperance Pare muttered between her teeth.

Mr. Clyde became tense and businesslike.

"You know the conditions, friends," he said. "Many of you Rub-4-U enthusiasts have been with us before. From a contender whose contents have been shaken by an impartial hand, I shall extract a ticket. The lady of the fortunate pair whose stubs carry the corresponding number will then stand beside me, with the man of her choice, and answer a very simple question. If she fails, she wins a year's supply of Sparkles. If she answers correctly—"

Mr. Clyde paused dramatically, then made an all-inclusive gesture. "If she answers correctly, then everything on this stage—exclusive of your announcer, whose wife has a priority—and including a year's supply of Rub-4-U Sparkles and, of course, the happy man of her choice, is hers. Rub-4-U sponsors ask nothing but the privilege of giving away the bride, and of sending the lucky pair on their honeymoon with this cheque for ten thousand dollars to lend them extra wings."

He waved a strip of paper and beamed vicariously.

In the interlude allowed for frantic applause, Andrew McKail rose resolutely. He was pulled back into his seat. She might be small, but she was strong and positive.

"Relax, Andrew!" she said severely. "I never won a lucky number in my life. And I'll bet you haven't." She asked, as a casual after-thought, "What is ours, anyway?"

A slender youth in a pale blue, tight-fitting uniform emerged from between the electric dishwasher and the refrigerator with a large fishbowl, which he carried reverently.

Andrew McKail held up his tickets to the light. His hand shook with an absurd excitement. He had forgotten Temperance. He and the Flyaway were alone together, 10,000 feet up, where he didn't give a hang for any woman.

"Looks like 5005," he muttered.

Mr. Clyde thrust his hand into the bowl. For a breathless five seconds, exactly timed, he held back the result, like a greyhound straining on the leash. Then he let go: "Ladies and gentlemen, will the lucky couple holding the number 5005 kindly step up the ramp and join me?"

Temperance Pare lifted Andrew McKail firmly to his feet.

For the last ten minutes every man and woman in the audience had been in virtual possession of a plane, a convertible car, a cottage with all furnishings, ten thousand dollars, and consequent joy everlasting. So the strain had been terrific. Now it snapped. They didn't wait for Mr. Clyde's green light. They laughed, hysterically.

Mr. Clyde recognised their right to at least five seconds of unguaranteed spontaneity. Nothing more incongruous could have been imagined than the couple who stepped singly across the footlights to be welcomed by his heartfelt hand-shake.

The large, dark young man would have been good-looking if he hadn't worn the perplexed scowl of a hunted Bengal tiger, but his bespectacled companion could have worn any expression known to woman. She would still have been a total loss.

Her suit of muddy green had a droopy air of knowing it was a flat failure and of resentful non-co-operation. Her small face hadn't even a trace of make-up. It wore, instead, a look of stubborn purpose.

MR. CLYDE, whose career was one of chronic vicissitudes, clung to his microphone for consolation and support.

"Well, so this is our lucky young lady. Won't you step closer, please? My name's Bill Clyde. Just call me Bill. Tell us something about yourself. And speak up. Don't be nervous. Remember that millions of sister Rub-4-U fans are with you. Tell us your name first, please."

She was rather like a mongrel terrier with its back to a wall, bristling and ready to bite anyone. She looked her faintly titillating audience over. And it stopped titillating.

"Temperance R. Pare," she said distinctly.

The hush almost exploded. Mr. Clyde and his microphone teetered together.

"A good old New England virtue," he said brightly, "and a good old New England name. Let's give them both a real hand, ladies and gentlemen."

They got three seconds of it.

"It's not," Temperance stated in the ensuing silence. "It's Brooklyn."

A woman in the front row saw the tall, dark young man close his

eyes for a minute. He had trodden on her foot and she took a personal interest in him. She wondered if the excitement had been too much for him and he was going to faint.

Mr. Clyde exclaimed, "Good old Brooklyn!" but with increasing caution. He distrusted inscrutable amateur performers. Sometimes they were just dead from the neck up. Or they were dynamite. In which case you had to move fast or they might blow you out of a job.

"And now, what about this fine young fellow?"

Temperance drew closer to her companion. It was an almost protective movement, like that of a mother restraining an idiot child from some disastrous act.

"His name's Andrew," she said quickly and firmly. "Andrew McKail." She added for good measure, "From Birmingham, Alabama."

"A Southern gentleman, Swell. So Temperance from Brooklyn and Andrew from the deep South are engaged—"

"No," she said. Her eyes from behind their spectacles were fixed wistfully on some point in the middle distance. She was developing, Mr. Clyde realised appreciatively, an air of pathos. "We couldn't be. It just didn't seem possible—till now. I wanted a real home of my own and Andrew wanted to own a plane. You see, he was a pilot—"

"Ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Clyde interrupted, with an exuberant skyward gesture. "It's kismet."

Mr. McKail also started to say something. But the girl proceeded inexorably.

"We met by accident," she said, as though she were reliving her one little romance, and nothing could stop her. "In fact, we ran into each other. It seems only a few minutes ago. Mr. McKail was blind at the time—"

"Blind what?" Mr. Clyde asked hilariously.

"I mean he wasn't looking where he was going," she explained. "He would have been run over if I hadn't caught hold of him. So after that we became friends."

"More than friends," Mr. Clyde suggested coyly. He was hitting his stride, after a bad start. This, in reverse, was the good old beauty-and-the-beast fairy story. "After all, you saved his life," he pointed out.

"Yes," she said. "I did. At least, he said so."

If she was wondering at what point a Southern gentleman would let distressed but dishonest womanhood fall flat on its face she gave no sign. So far, Andrew McKail, whose hand she held in a vice-like grip, had said nothing intelligible. He might be not chivalrous, but just too furious to speak.

"And now—The Question, Temperance. . . I may call you Temperance? Fine. . . Let's go."

His audience sat forward. Its mood had changed. It was sorry for her. It was actually on her side.

Please turn to page 40



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Sachet

containing all six new
shades in Pond's
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NEW, RICH-WARM TONES

"Dark Rachel"—To give your complexion a lifting new warmth and radiance.

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FREE! An exciting Beauty Sachet—containing generous TRIAL SIZES OF ALL SIX NEW SHADES in Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder.

Address your envelope to Pond's, Box 11311, G.P.O., Melbourne, enclosing 6d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and posting.

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WWW P4-3

FIBROSITIS* and Rheumatic Pain Fought in 30 Minutes

* (Pains in muscles, hands, arms, shoulders, back, legs, and joints.)

If you suffer from stabbing, throbbing pains in your joints, hands, back, shoulders, arms, and legs, due to Fibrositis, you should do these 3 things to relieve your troubles: 1. Rest the affected part. 2. Use heat applications for temporary relief. 3. Take Romind at mealtime.

Romind is the recently developed formula of an American scientist, and is now available in Australia at all chemists to fight your disabling pains in these 3 ways: 1. It starts stopping pain in 30 to 45 minutes. 2. It removes excess irritating acids and poisons which devastate your muscles. 3. It kills certain germs which infect muscles and joints.

Because of its three-way action Romind gives quick and positive results and is so successful that you are asked to try it under the guarantee that it must relieve your pain to your complete satisfaction or your money back on return of empty flask. Get Romind from your chemist today.

Note: Fibrositis is a disease related to Rheumatism, but is usually much more painful and requires a special treatment such as Romind.

Romind

Page 33



WISE WIFE AND MOTHER



SUGGESTS CORRECT ACTION AT FIRST TWINGE OF RHEUMATISM



"I WAS LIVING IN A FOOL'S PARADISE"

"As far as my health was concerned I must have been living in a Fool's Paradise. Never ever having been really sick in my life it never occurred to me that it was necessary to take precautions regarding my health. But when you start to go, you go down hill very quickly. In just a couple of weeks I lost all my feeling of fitness. I felt slow, heavy and irritable, and who wouldn't if they had rheumatic pains? But thank goodness for my wife's insistence—and thank goodness for Kruschen Salts. They certainly had me feeling my usual self in next to no time."

I'm all for being cautious about my health now. I won't miss my 'little daily dose' of Kruschen for worlds."

IT DOESN'T PAY TO
RISK YOUR HEALTH



"It makes you stop and think a bit when you see your father change so quickly from the best-natured chap in the world to a crotchety old man. It certainly convinced me that it doesn't pay to take any chances with your health; that 'little daily dose' of Kruschen now goes into my tea every morning and I find it has even made me feel better than I felt before."

"I come from a family where bodily cleanliness, both inside as well as outside, has always been regarded as our best health assurance. Each of us regularly added the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen to our first morning cup of tea. When I married I tried to introduce the habit to my husband, but he always said it was better to leave 'well enough' alone. Our son, Don, was the same when he grew up. Like most healthy young people, I suppose he couldn't imagine being other than in the best of health. Recently, after a few weeks of feeling sluggish and out-of-sorts generally, my husband began to be troubled with rheumatic pains. It was at that stage that I was able to convince him that what I'd been saying all our married life about being clean inside was true. I started my husband off on the medicinal dose of Kruschen for a week, gradually reducing the dose. This completely rid him of the pains. Now he keeps the prospect of a return of the rheumatic pains at bay by taking the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen like I've always done."

"His father's experience was a shock to our son, Don—but all's well that ends well, I'm happy to say, and to-day all three of us are a family of confirmed 'Kruschen regulars'."

HOW POISONOUS WASTES AFFECT YOUR HEALTH

When poisonous wastes are retained in the system instead of being eliminated by the body's normal processes, there is a risk that these wastes may seep

into the bloodstream. This invites risk of rheumatism, lumbago, eczema, backache, aching joints and a number of painful muscular affections.

HOW KRUSCHEN CLEANSSES YOUR SYSTEM OF POISONOUS WASTES

The liver and kidneys play a major part in cleansing out the body's poisonous wastes. Kruschen's mixture of six natural salts act in a natural way on these organs. They stimulate the

liver and wash out the kidneys, enabling them to function properly. When your body is thus freed of poisonous wastes the bloodstream then becomes purified of the factors that may cause...

RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO, ACHING JOINTS, SEVERE MUSCULAR PAINS

These ailments can signify that your system needs assistance to free itself of poisonous wastes. If you are a sufferer, take the medicinal dose of Kruschen till the condition is alleviated. As a result your health will improve—then maintain that standard by taking a "little daily dose" of Kruschen.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

1/6 and 2/9 at
Chemists and Stores

MAY BE TAKEN

TWO DIFFERENT WAYS

MEDICINAL DOSE:

For persons suffering from Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Eczema, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Disorders, take a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of hot water each morning before breakfast.

"LITTLE DAILY DOSE":

For regular daily use, as an invigorating tonic, put in your first morning cup of tea or coffee "as much as will lie on a sixpence." Taken that way, Kruschen Salts are quite tasteless.



The Tonic Effect of Kruschen Keeps Millions of People Fit!



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are invited on a cruise in the Jason to the land where Lothar was born. With them is **PRINCESS NARDA:** Who makes an enemy in **CROWN PRINCE ADEM:** Son of the kindly **SHEIKH OF SANDAN:** At the village of the Riombi, Singing Devils swoop down, capturing

Narda and galloping through the jungle to the Valley of Singing Devils. High bronze gates guard the entrance, and the furious ride goes on until a large pavilion is reached, and Narda is thrown at the feet of the ruler of the devils. He removes a terrifying mask to reveal himself as the sinister Prince Adem. **NOW READ ON:**

"THE SINGING DEVILS PASSED THIS WAY, WITHOUT DOUBT," SAYS MANDRAKE, OBSERVING A PILLAGED VILLAGE. THE WHOLE TRAIL OF THE RAIDERS IS ONE OF RUIN AND DESOLATION.



NO PEOPLE ARE SEEN. ALL HAVE FLED INTO THE FOREST. SO LOTHAR TRAILS THE HOOFS OF THE SINGING DEVILS' HORSES!



MEANWHILE, NARDA FACES THE RULER OF THE "SINGING DEVILS," NONE OTHER THAN PRINCE ADEM. "MY FATHER, THE SHEIKH OF SANDAN, KNOWS NOTHING OF MY CULT OF WARRIORS," HE BOASTS.



"SOON, ALL SANDAN WILL KNOW, FOR WHEN WE ARE STRONG ENOUGH, I'LL SWEEP MY FATHER FROM POWER, SAYS ADEM. "ALREADY, THE JUNGLE HAS LEARNED TO FEAR US."



"COME," SAYS PRINCE ADEM. "I WILL SHOW YOU MY VALLEY, AND THE IDOL OF OUR CULT." NARDA HEARS WEIRD, FIENDISH CHANTING. . .



THE IDOL OF THE SINGING DEVILS, A HOLLOW GLASS STATUE, BEFORE WHICH THE DEVIL CULT BOWS AND CHANTS ITS WEIRD SONGS!



TO BE CONTINUED

As I Read The STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Personal dealings and financial projects could benefit you on May 13 and May 16. Go carefully on May 14 and May 17, for some disappointments and setbacks could occur in regard to love affairs and money.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): A very active but mixed week. Choose May 13 and 16 for all important matters. Some frustration could mark May 14, when personal and domestic affairs become disorganised. However, May 17 finds you enthusiastic again.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Luckiest day for all new enterprises, changes, or journeys is May 13, while May 14 is rather disappointing. You will find May 16 helpful, promising joy and pleasure, but avoid activity on May 17, which promises some confusion.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Interest lies in the latter part of the week, and many interesting things are due to occur on May 13. May 14 is unlucky for love and money matters, but May 16 should bring better results and the forming of beneficial friendships.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Your best dates now are May 13 and 16, which should help your hopes and ambitions in career and money matters. Be wary of important matters on May 14, when luck is right out. A stimulating but not very reliable day is May 17.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A good week for business, travel, news, writing, and mental activity. May 13 and 16 having the best results. Don't despond if May 14 is marked with delay or disappointment, as this will be only a temporary setback.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Some share in financial matters could benefit you this week if you push things on May 13 and 16. Adverse day for love and money is May 14.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Co-operation in a partner's affairs could bring an uplift on May 13 and 16. To avoid disappointment and emotional upset, use discretion on May 14 and 17.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): A week for good results in your vocational field and benefits from friends and loved ones. May 13 and 16 need watching, but don't expect much on May 14, which seems to be clouded by delay.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Headway in matters close to your heart is indicated on May 13 and 16, business being extremely good on the first date. Unless you are very careful, a financial loss or love quarrel could occur on May 14.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Best days this week for all matters relating to friendships, domestic affairs, or new enterprises are May 13 and 16. Most restrictive aspect falls on May 14, which calls for patience in the above affairs.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): You may be personally or indirectly mixed up in planning, changes, or activity concerning relatives or friends, and should expect happy results on May 13 and 16. Don't choose May 14 if possible, as some delay will occur.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

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Alec Guinness plays eight roles in one film



1. CLERGYMAN. The Rev. D'Ascayne.



2. ARISTOCRAT. The old Duke D'Ascayne.



3. SUFFRAGETTE. Lady Agatha D'Ascayne.



4. YOUNG BLOOD. D'Ascayne.



5. BUSINESS MAN. Henry D'Ascayne.



6. BANKER. Lord D'Ascayne.



7. ARMY CHIEF. General D'Ascayne.



8. NAVY CHIEF. Admiral D'Ascayne.

• PICTURES on this page show Alec Guinness as he appears in eight different roles in Ealing's comedy-thriller "Kind Hearts and Coronets."

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Brilliant actor Alec Guinness will play eight roles in his next film, "Kind Hearts and Coronets."

This weighty job will strengthen the opinion of critics who recently named him as the logical successor to Sir Laurence Olivier at the Old Vic, the fount of English theatre inspiration. Just consider his two latest film appearances.

YOU saw him as a bright, sprightly young blade with a mop of yellow hair as Herbert Pocket, friend of John Mills in "Great Expectations."

Then you saw him as the rascally, memorable Fagin of "Oliver Twist."

Next time you will see him in

eight roles in a single British film. The picture is Ealing's "Kind Hearts and Coronets." It is surely the ultimate and most searching test of all the versatility which is Alec Guinness.

"Kind Hearts and Coronets" is a comedy of murders. Casting involved the headache of finding eight different people all bearing

a strong resemblance to each other.

Director Robert Hamer solved the problem with the idea of getting the one person to play all eight characters.

In the space of the film, Guinness plays, in turn, an elderly duke, a banker, a general, an admiral, a clergyman, two young bloods in their twenties, and a middle-aged suffragette.

All of the characters stand in the way of a murderer (Dennis Price) before he can succeed to a title. He disposes of them one by one, so Alec Guinness is murdered in eight different ways.

The real Alec Guinness is 35 years old, prematurely thin on top, a little freckled, quiet, friendly, with a calm, incisive mind and an immense power of concentration.

In most of the scenes of this new film comedy thriller, the different members of the family don't meet. But there is one scene which presented cameramen with a mammoth

headache. It was a funeral service at which six of the people played by Guinness appeared together.

It had to be shot six times over. For the first shot, all the film negative was covered except for that part which would show the elderly duke sitting in his church pew.

When that was over Alec was made up as the banker. Another section of the negative was masked over, and the cameras turned on him again.

This was repeated six times, till he filled in the six parts.

It took Guinness two hours to dress and make up for each new character, and the whole scene took two days to film. During that time, a constant guard was kept over camera and scenery to see that they were never moved.

Alec is an expert at conceiving a character's make-up as he is brilliant at changing his inner self to meet the demands of a new role.

But he dislikes make-up whenever it is not really necessary.

TALKING OF FILMS

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

★★ Yellow Sky.

WESTERNS come and go with unfailing regularity, but we don't often get the pleasure of seeing one of the quality of "Yellow Sky."

It is as tough and relentless as the period and country it depicts.

To start with, its top stars, Gregory Peck and Anne Baxter, discard glamour for forthright acting. I was really startled by the way in which Anne played a tight-lipped, stern-mannered girl of the desert, and Peck matches her for down-to-earth reality.

W. R. Burnett gives us a story of seven men who are ready to kill anyone, even a fellow member of the gang, in their search for gold.

They are about as undesirable a lot as could be found, giving no sympathy and asking none.

The romantic interest which results in the reformation of one outlaw is pure cinema, but not stickily sentimental. We first watch the men struggle with their horses across the salt lakes of Death Valley, and the human element of the march is almost submerged by the effect of the superb photography.

They reach a ghost town inhabited only by an old miner (played with fascinating skill by James Barton) and his granddaughter "Mike" (Anne Baxter).

The pair have found a gold mine, and a grim fight begins between them and the seven men, to several of whom the gold is more alluring than the girl.

The film builds up to an exciting climax, with all the macabre touches of an era when life depended on the quickness of a trigger finger.

Richard Widmark plays the smoothest villain of the lot, and Director William Wellman has good cause to be satisfied with the work of the whole cast.

"Yellow Sky" (Fox) is at the Regent.

★★ Whispering Smith

JUST when I had begun to think that Alan Ladd was a one-expression actor of the "dead-pan" type, he pops up with a surprisingly human and smooth performance in "Whispering Smith," a period Western.

Paramount have given him a technicolor background and a role in which nobility is the key-note, and between the two the result is most satisfactory.

Ladd is the strong silent hero—a railroad detective who stifles his love for his best friend's wife and goes to a lot of trouble to try to keep the friend from turning outlaw because of a childish reaction to being fired from a good job.

All Ladd's efforts are in vain, and the friend (Robert Preston) finally expires in a welter of technicolor blood, but we only imagine that "Whispering Smith" finally gets the girl, played with continuous drooping lips and tear-filled eyes by Brenda Marshall.

The success of the production suggests that Ladd should have been discovered by technicolor before, and that even if he plays tough-guy roles ad infinitum he need not always act as if he were a robot.

Scenery and action are well above average and the film should send Ladd's fans home in the happiest frame of mind.

The film is at the Prince Edward.



There's no waiting for relief when you rub VapoRub on chest, throat and back at bedtime. And how children love it!

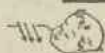
FIGHTS COLDS INSIDE



INHALED VAPOURS released by body warmth and breathed in, start to clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat and relieve coughing the very minute VapoRub is applied. And—

VICKS
VAPORUB

FIGHTS COLDS OUTSIDE



LIKE A POULTICE, VapoRub starts immediately to work on the skin, warming away tightness and pain and "drawing out" congestion.

This "inside-outside" action works for hours while the child sleeps comfortably. By morning, usually, the worst of the cold is over.

HOLLYWOOD STARS



JUNE HAVER (Twentieth Century-Fox) has just completed a starring role with Mark Stevens in the musical, "Oh, You Beautiful Doll." A talented musician, she recently published a piano concerto.



BARBARA BATES (Warners) makes her screen debut in the technicolor musical, "April Showers," starring Jack Carson. She will be Danny Kaye's co-star in "Happy Times."



JUNE ALLYSON (M.G.M.) will be seen soon in the technicolor, "The Three Musketeers." She and her husband actor, Dick Powell, recently adopted a baby girl, whom they have called Lenley.



MADELEINE CARROLL is dividing her time between stage and screen since her arrival from Europe, where she has lived for several years. She will be seen again in Australia co-starring with Fred MacMurray in the James Nasser film "Don't Trust Your Husband" (United Artists release).



★ To complete your figure beauty—a "Hollywood-Maxwell" brassiere by Berlei... as worn by the Stars... available in five fittings.

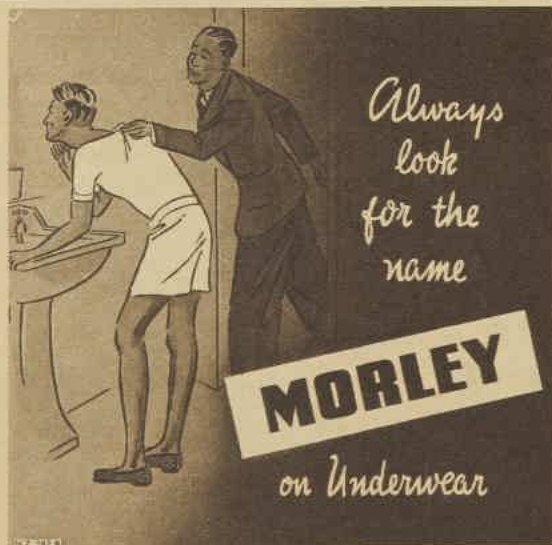
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a gay old shoot,
Tried hard to stop the waves;
The King said "Dash," and made a splash,
And kicked six of his slaves.
But Woods' so bold can stop a cold,
When nothing can procure
Relief from pain, none try in vain
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure Breaks up Colds quickly



1 **SHIPWRECKED** in the Pacific, children who survived, Michael (Peter Jones) and Emmeline (Susan Stranks), with sailor Paddy Button (Noel Purcell), drift in lifeboat to uninhabited island.



2 **GROWN-UP** after living on the island for years, Michael (Donald Houston) and Emmeline (Jean Simmons) are left alone when Paddy is fatally injured.

THE BLUE LAGOON...



3 **RESCUED** by Emmeline after he has been attacked by an octopus while diving, Michael reaches beach safely.

FILMED in technicolor, the newest film version of H. de Vere Stacpoole's famous love story stars Jean Simmons and newcomer Donald Houston. Much of the film was made on a Fijian island under the direction of Frank Launder, who describes the story as a "simple, sentimental romance."

While the film unit was on location many difficulties were experienced, such as cases of sunburn, infected mosquito bites, and rough weather on the coral reefs.

The film is released by the J. Arthur Rank Organisation.



4 **VISITORS** arrive when two dishonest traders call in their ship. They are surprised to find island is inhabited.



5 **QUARRELLING** over Emmeline, whom they try to kidnap, the traders threaten Michael with a gun. Emmeline escapes from them and the traders finally kill each other after a terrific fight.



6 **LEFT ALONE**, Michael and Emmeline read marriage service from only book they possess. When their son is born they leave the island for civilisation.

CROSSWORD CONTEST NO. 41

ACROSS

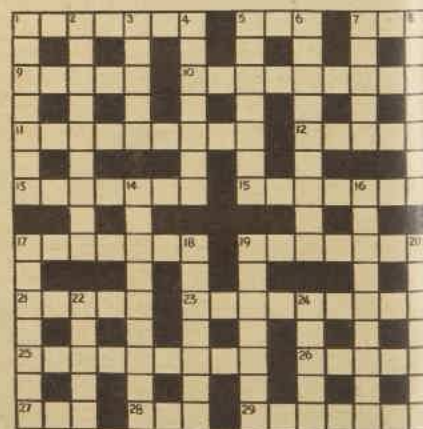
- Conference that makes a comrade assert (7).
- It is not in Curia to be a coward (3).
- Mr. Swan, it goes against the grain to pop and nag (3).
- A change to learn of the kidneys (5).
- Marriage is tidy and ought to make many content (8).
- An Occidental makes us severer (9).
- Grease alone is without a single deadly result (5).
- To seize daily keeps the doctor away finally (7).
- Greed an agitation to disorganise (7).
- Maybe a spring worker becomes thinner if he doesn't use his head (7).
- What Mr. Churchill's parents called him when in his short jacket (7).
- Hidden from the coppers in Peru (5).
- Aboriginal dance will disappoint prospective club members (9).
- There's not a smooth head supporter for this undesirable type (9).
- Flying drawing Doctor Short rejected (5).
- Pee (3).
- Light fish (3).
- Meet Len (anag.) (7).

DOWN

- What Judge Oberon might wear (7).
- Disembarks on the headland to see the inland scenery (9).
- Part of the radio set in the Naval vessel (5).
- More men be converted for a love affair (7).
- Purveyed food (7).
- How to give added strength to an equestrian to pull up (9).
- How to cuff a sea bumpkin (5).
- Horner (not Jack, though similarly Little) (3, 4).
- Take a late meal up to her coop first for the scribbler (3, 4).
- Paul crate mixed in the nine (9).
- Jumped anxiously in a scarlet cloak! (the first shall be last) (7).
- Stealing heart throb Beryl (7).
- Box on silk. You'll take a tumble in a twink (7).
- The girl (anag.) (7).
- If you're inside the flower may be made to awaken (5).
- Rogue sounds like a church body (5).

£10, £5, and £2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 41 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4038W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close May 26; prizes and solution in issue of June 12.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 37.—£10 to Miss A. Tarrant, c/o Clarendon, Bealeville, Vic. £5 to Miss E. Slater, 175 Hotham St., East Melbourne. £2 to John Forsyth, Emu St., Churchill, Ipswich, Qld.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 37

ACROSS: 1—Nine-score. 5—In-got. 8—Dog (gob turned). 9—Coin-c-l-den-ree. 10—Bye bye. 11—Offers (anag.). 15—Sentiment. 16—Sir. 17—Tia. 19—Ex-e-hanger. 21—Brace-r. 23—A-bac-us. 26—Irreparable. 27—Ton. 28—H-e-er. 29—Bashfully.

DOWN: 1—Na-bob. 3—N-egress. 3—Omit. 4—Each (anag.). 5—In-def-ut-i-gable. 6—Gan-p-eta (nag turned). 7—Tre-a-sur-er. 9—Cayenne pepper. 12—Pitch. 13—Be-lay. 14—Establish (anag.). 18—Spar-row. 20—Rec-ital. 23—Sandy. 24—Orub (burg turned). 25—This.

The Australian Women's Weekly—May 14, 1949



So fragile is the texture of Lournay face powder that it
 lies delicately on the skin like the translucent bloom of colour on a butterfly's wing.

Each subtle shade in the Lournay range has been pondered by experts till it is the perfect counterpart
 of idealized skin shades from the blush of Dawn Pink to sun-rich Gipsytan.

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A gum infection cost her a tooth—it might have been prevented by sensible care with S.R. Toothpaste

Help guard your gums against infection by regular use of S.R. Toothpaste. Sensible care of your gums will help you to keep sound teeth. Unhealthy gums may lead to extraction after extraction—don't wait until infection sets in. Keep your teeth sound and sparkling in firm, healthy gums. Clean your teeth with S.R. to keep them dazzling white—brush and massage your gums with S.R. to look after their well-being, too.

S.R. Toothpaste contains Sodium Ricinoleate, often used in treatment of inflamed, bleeding gums and gum rot.

S.R. TOOTH PASTE



HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THE NEW KIND OF TOOTH PASTE

SR-4142wag

The Great Question

Continued from page 33

MR. CLYDE allowed another couple of seconds for dramatic effect, then he turned back to Temperance.

"Temperance," he demanded, "who was the first woman to wear what you girls call 'The New Look'?"

Now, wait. Don't be impulsive. As you've listened in to our other Honeymoon Flight hours—

She said, "I haven't."

"But as a user of Rub-4-U Sparkles—"

"I'm not," she said.

Mr. Clyde remained firmly cheerful. "You will be. All intelligent women use Rub-4-U Sparkles. And you're intelligent, Temperance. I can see it. It sticks out all over you."

The audience saw what he meant. He allowed it to roar and rock for a full five seconds. The woman in the front row observed that Andrew McKail, who had been obviously on the verge of explosive speech, had snapped into an angry silence. A faint color glowed in Temperance Fare's cheeks, and Mr. Clyde patted her remorsefully.

"There. We won't take advantage of her, will we? No, siree. I'm going to warn her that the Great Question has been answered three times wrong. Betty Hutton, Dorothy Lamour, and Mrs. Roosevelt are out. Now, Temperance, take your time. You have just thirty seconds."

Well, she was intelligent, anyway, she thought. She settled her spectacles more firmly. She folded her hands behind her back, seemingly unaware of Andrew's glare.

"Eve," she said.

The audience knew at once—just by the way Mr. Clyde doubled up as though she'd hit him hard in the solar-plexus and turned round and round like a whipped top in its last gyrations.

"Oh, boy! Oh, boy! Oh, boy! She's done it! She's got it! She's hit it! Ladies and gentlemen, it's a bull's-eye—smack in the centre."

They rose and cheered, magnanimously. Mr. Clyde, recovering from his ecstatic anguish, clasped Temperance to his breast before he thrust her into Andrew McKail's unresponsive arms.

"Temperance takes all! Andrew McKail, take all with Temperance—and Rub-4-U's heartfelt congratulations and good wishes. Kiss her, sir. She deserves it."

She lifted her face to his. Her eyes behind the glasses, which Mr. Clyde's enthusiasm had knocked slightly askew, were wide open. She dug her nails into Andrew McKail's shoulder muscles till they hurt.

"Idiot—look as though you like it," she whispered fiercely.

"But I've lost my hat," Temperance objected.

"A hat like that ought never to have been found," Andrew told her.

He held her by the arm like a young policeman making his first arrest. By feinting down a side street he managed to shake off the pursuing hordes of cameramen and well-wishers, and finally he shot with his captive into the shelter of a sandwich-and-coffee shop.

Now, from the other side of a table whose cloth bore traces of a busy day, he regarded her with a black but puzzled hostility.

"First, I lost my head," he admitted, "over that plane. Secondly, it never occurred to me that you might guess the answer. Thirdly—"

He thumped the table with a menacing fist.

"I'll tell you this, my girl: If that fellow hadn't made that crack about your looking intelligent, I'd have spilled the beans right then and there. I don't know what people get for false pretences. But you'd have got it."

She remained unruffled. In spite of his size, temper, and the fact that he was one of those dark young

men whose beard grows visibly, so that he had already developed a disheveled-brigand look, she did not appear alarmed. Her attitude continued to be slightly protective and sympathetic.

"Objection," she said. "I would like to point out to you, Andrew, that I made no false pretences. I stated explicitly that we were not engaged. I said that I wanted a home of my own, which is true, and that you wanted that plane—you do, don't you?—and that we'd quite recently run into each other by the merest accident."

Temperance paused, then added, "I'm secretary to an important corporation lawyer, and I'm very accurate. I have to be."

He stared at her as though at the snake-festooned head of a Medusa, and a weary waitress glowered at both of them. He ordered ham sandwiches and coffee.

Temperance didn't like ham sandwiches, but she realised, without resentment, that, from his point of view, she had no claim to his consideration in this or any other matter.

"I suppose you realise," he said, "that you've probably ditched me with Cynthia for keeps."

"I didn't, of course, know her name. It's pretty. Anyway, she ditched you first." She considered him dispassionately. "I wonder why."

He was so mad and unhappy that he told her: "Because she's wonderful and I'm no earthly good. I can fly a kite upside-down on one wing and no prayers."

But when I'm grounded I'm a sap. And I'm grounded properly."

"Why?" she asked again.

"Because I showed up at my airport an hour late, and some old government tycoon was madder than a hornet."

"I suppose you were waiting around for her."

"Well, how did you know? Anyway, it wasn't her fault. I didn't have to wait, did I?" A slow, painful flush mounted under his dark skin.

"It was just that I got so worried what she was up to—I mean what might have happened to her." He lit a cigarette with an unsteady hand and added, inconsequently, "You can't expect a girl to marry a man who can't even sell encyclopedias."

"Some girl might," she said.

She bent closer to him. Her eyes behind their glasses had green lights in them.

"See here, Andrew," she said gently, but very positively. "I've never had what you'd call a break in my life. I was born plain, and I've never had the time to even try to do anything about it. I've had to work hard just to stay alive. I've kept an invalid mother who's as strong as a horse, and a young sister who's so pretty she can't even stack the dishes."

She sighed unhappily.

"I'm fed-up. I'm sick of things. This is the first chance I've had to get out from under, and, believe me, I'm not going to miff it because you happen to be crazy about some girl."

"What," he asked, "do you propose to do about it?"

"Marry you, Andrew—if it kills both of us."

"I'll kill us both first," he retorted truculently.

"I shall take the house, the fixings, and 5000 dollars," she went on, as though she hadn't heard him. "You can have the plane, the car, and the other 5000 dollars. I'll even throw in the piano. I don't play. But marry you I certainly shall."

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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Food waste (Human Rust) adheres to the inner walls of the large intestine much as rust collects in a water pipe. The result is self-poisoning which causes 95% of present day ill-health, constipation, headache, neuritis.

Coloseptic clears away Human Rust by first loosening then smoothly removing this food waste by normal evacuation and keeps you in good health and strength.

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INTERNAL CLEANNESS
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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

A SHORT, straight-cut boxy jacket and slim skirt is a chic American fashion for casual and town wear.

I have had one designed this week in response to a reader's request.

American suit

"WOULD you please help me with a design for a suit? I have bought the material. It is navy wool, and I intend to wear it with a white blouse. I favor American styles rather than anything too elaborate. Is a boxy jacket fashionable?"

The suit design I have chosen for your navy wool was styled in New York by Elizabeth Arden's designer, Castello. The jacket has two front panels instead of lapels. Both are finished with four white buttons. The skirt is slim, with trouser-pleats in front. A white pique blouse with a small peaked collar adds freshness and chic to the ensemble.

Gloves and handbags

"WHAT are the newest styles to look for in gloves and handbags? I have a pair of rather dressy short gloves, but I don't think they would be suitable with a winter frock."

Gloves are getting shorter, and certainly more important and fancy. In a recent Paris fashion collection Roger Model designed kid gloves piped in narrow color contrast. The gloves were cut away to show part of the back of the hand. Another novel idea was a white kid glove with a detachable cuff-band, the band could be changed to match the color of the dress or ensemble with which it was worn. Box and valise type handbags to carry with suits and daytime dresses, plus draped velvet and soft pull-up bags for the cocktail hour, are the latest handbag news.

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4038, G.P.O., Sydney.

Moderate padding

"WOULD you please advise me about a frock I am making for the winter? It is a fairly plain style, but I can't decide if it should have the new sloping shoulder-line or square shoulders. I have a rather heavy figure, a short neck, and bigish bust."

The sloping, natural shoulder-line is quite unsuitable for the woman with a heavy bust and neck; so is an exaggerated broad line. I advise you to decide on a happy medium of light, firm padding.

Discard judiciously

"WOULD you be good enough to give me some fashion advice, please? I spend what I consider a fair amount of money on my clothes; I buy good clothes, yet I know I never really look smart and outstanding."

Money is not always the solution of being well turned out—of course it does help. To create a perfect costume is, to my mind, quite an achievement, and you can't do so in a hurry, or without giving it a lot of thought. So many small items count for a perfect finished effect, and so many things are important.

The correct corset is one, so is the color of your stockings, the shape of your hairnet, the just-right skirt-length. Broadly speaking, I consider most women have too many clothes cluttered up by too many accessories and oddments.



SUIT STYLED in New York has front panels instead of lapels.

Instead of a galaxy of suits, concentrate on one that's perfect. The same applies to your late-day dress, your evening dress, and your rainy-day clothes. Learn to plan a costume as a whole and discard as judiciously as you add, and you will soon have the reputation of being smart and well turned out.

Fashion FROCKS

READY TO WEAR OR CUT OUT READY TO MAKE

"CYNTHIA." Attractive suit designed on classic lines. The material is a wool moss crepe obtainable in beige and mid-grey.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 79/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 82/6. Postage, 2/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 62/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 64/9. Postage, 2/3 extra.

"RUTH." Smart pinafore dress styled with a low-cut oval bodice-top. The material is reversible spun fleck obtainable in pink, blue, crushed strawberry, and mottled deep rose.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 55/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 57/11. Postage, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 47/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 49/5. Postage, 1/9 extra.

"JANICE." A pretty blouse can be obtained with short or three-quarter-length sleeves. The material is a spun linen in shades of white, natural, apple-green, and hyacinth-blue. Please state length of sleeve required.

Ready To Wear (short sleeves): Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 26/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 28/3. Postage, 1/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 19/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 21/6. Postage, 1/3 extra.

Ready To Wear (three-quarter-length sleeves): Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 28/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 29/11. Postage, 1/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 21/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 22/9. Postage, 1/3 extra.

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BY BOURJOIS

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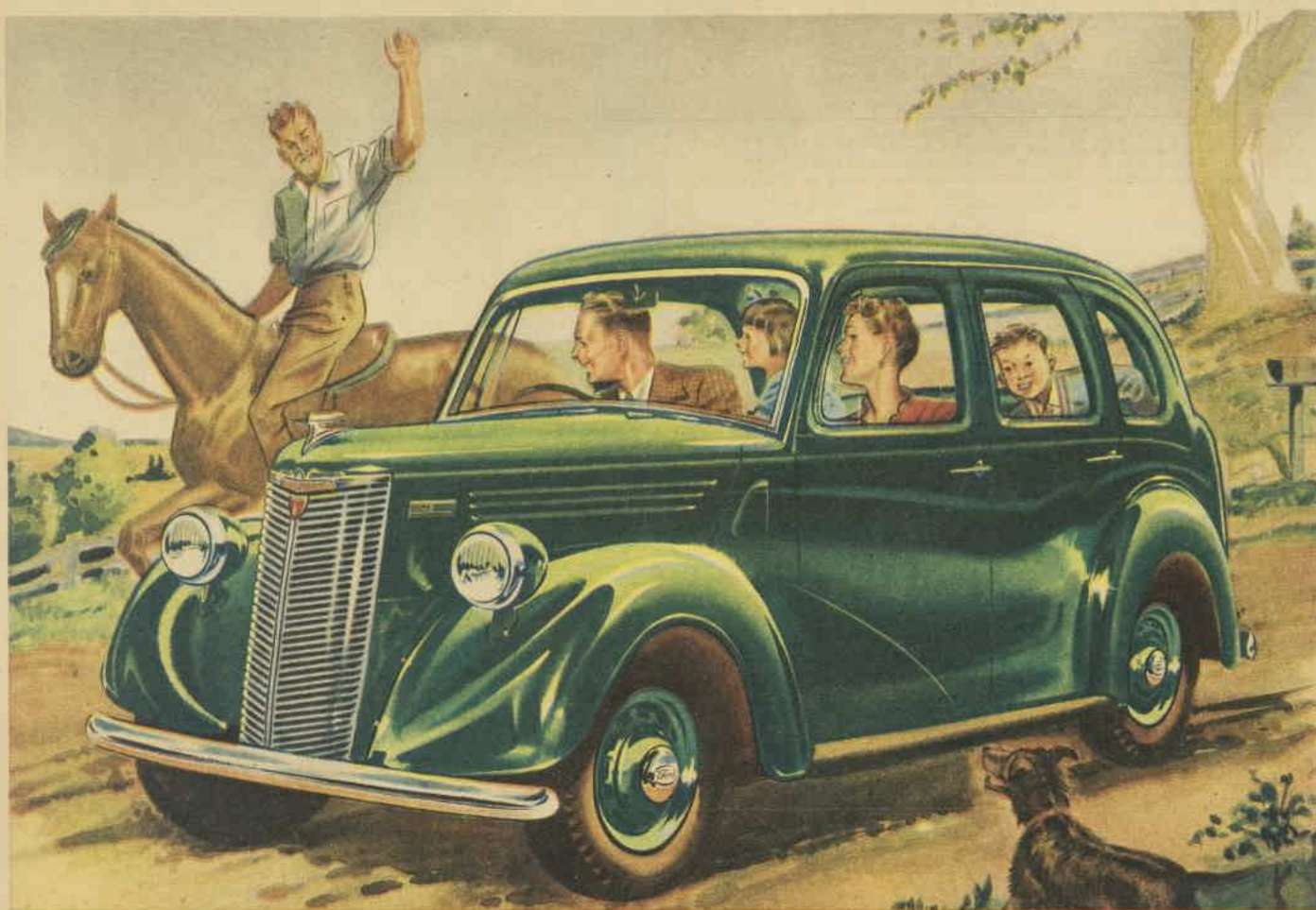
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She knows her stocking seams are perfectly straight without turning and twisting about. They are triple-tested Plaza, the nylons with the ingenious seam corrector. This little mark in the weave above the knee worn in the centre front keeps her seams straight all day. Wear Plaza, the exclusive nylon sheers with the seam corrector. Superbly fashioned in the latest shades, at all principal stores.

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long years of trouble-free performance.

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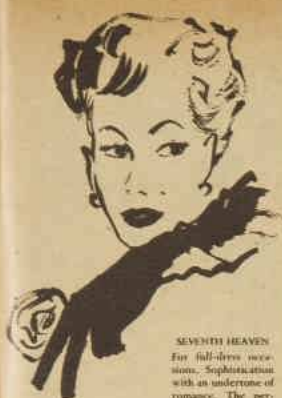


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sophistication
with an undertone of
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fume that men love
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There are only three perfumes by Saville
in all the world. Differing widely, each
is a perfect 'expression in fragrance'
of a mood and a personality. It is a
delightful adventure to discover which of
the three is most personal to yourself.

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A young, light-hearted fragrance . . . gay,
suggestion, impertinence.

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It fills the air with a brilliant 'perfume'
orchestration of the flowers in an old-world
English garden on a warm summer evening.



A HEALTHY GIRL finds it easier to gain weight than to lose it.

Regaining lost curves

● A balanced diet will help the thin girl
who wants to acquire a rounded figure.

FASHION is no longer
on the side of the
featherweight, as
bosomy bodices and
rounded hips are required by
current styles.

Individuals who are normal weight
for their height and age are
welcomed, as a rule, by life insurance
companies, when they wish to take
out policies.

Weight is an important in-
dication of the state of health.

Inadequate diet is the most
common cause of underweight con-
ditions. Insufficient food or badly
selected food causes deficiencies.

In acquiring normal weight there
must be enough exercise out of doors
to create a normal appetite, and
eight hours of sleep are essential.

A doctor should
be consulted about
sudden changes
of weight, and
before any drastic
changes in diet
are attempted it is a good idea to
have a few words with the family
physician.

Pickles and highly seasoned foods
usually appeal to thin girls, when
they need cereals and lamb chops.
Nervous and highly energised as a
rule, they quickly burn up the
calories they consume each day.

A healthy girl finds it easier to
gain weight than to lose it.

Mental health is important, too.
An inclination to worry interferes
with nutrition.

More fats, starches, and sweets
should be added to the diet if
adipose tissue is required. A quart
of milk a day should work wonders
in putting on curves. Milk contains
calcium, protein, and many other
necessary food elements. Cocoa or
chocolate should be substituted for
tea and coffee.

A maintenance breakfast is what
the doctor will order, despite the
protests of Miss Slim.

She should have fruit, a cereal,
an egg, or two slices of bacon, and
a beverage. It is a long time since
dinner the night before.

Mayonnaise instead of French
dressing on salads, and dates, figs,
bananas, and nuts will help to build
curves.

The girl with the finicky appetite
may find that she can get away with
four or five small meals, instead of
the regular three square ones.

In either case, she should have a
glass of milk at bedtime, and a few
biscuits.

We know the secret of gaining
weight lies in the amount of food
from which energy can be extracted,
and that if a person consumes food
in excess of energy requirements,
she will gain weight in direct pro-
portion to the over-supply.

A definite plan can be followed
by those wishing to gain weight, just
as reducers eat to a specific plan.

The building-up diet seeks to over-
feed you, and while changes in diet
must be made
gradually, this
over-feeding may
be accomplished in
two ways:

By increasing the
total amount of food eaten.

By selecting meals from fatten-
ing foods which yield the most
energy.

Milk, eggs, meat, fish, vegetables,
and fruit are the building materials
of the daily menu, with fat-produc-
ing foods making up the remainder.

It is also best to spread food
throughout the entire day, eating, if
necessary, as many as five or six
snacks.

Many thin people, for some
reason or other, don't like the taste
of milk, but by flavoring the milk by
adding malt or chocolate, by getting
milk in the form of egg-nogs, by
combining it with other foods in
cooking, it may be more readily
taken.

Again, some underweight folk are
appalled by the very thought of food
in quantity, in which case it is best
to first add milk to each meal, then
to introduce the mid-morning, mid-
afternoon, and evening foods, and
finally to incorporate fattening foods
in breakfast, lunches, and dinners.

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

Does MIDDLE AGE spoil your FUN?

Do you feel that because you're
over 40 you can't get the same
kick out of life? Always tired,
listless, worried? Don't blame your
age. There's no reason why advanc-
ing years should rob you of enjoy-
ment. Try taking WINCARNIS.
From the very first sip you'll start to
pick up. WINCARNIS is such a
splendid tonic. A blending of care-
fully selected wines, with added
nourishing ingredients which
strengthen the nerves and fortify
the body. Try WINCARNIS right
away. Many thousands of recom-
mendations from medical men are
positive proof of its high value as a
tonic. Your chemist has
WINCARNIS. Get a bottle today.
WINCARNIS . . . the Wine of Life.



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makes baby's hair grow
curly—at all Chemists
and Stores—3/8. c.t.

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evening wear, sets for babies, toddlers, and growing children.
Complete directions for making are given.

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Lady Maureen Le Poer Trench

For that

Glow of Beauty 'Blush-Cleanse' your skin

Lady Maureen Le Poer Trench is unusually lovely
with light brown hair and greenish-brown eyes. Lady
Maureen says: "There's something about a 'Blush-
Cleanse' with Pond's Cold Cream that gives skin a
wonderful, fresh-alive feeling. It brings up a lovely
rosy colour and makes my face beautifully clean
and so soft."

HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANSE"

1. Rouse your face with warm water. Dip deep
into Pond's Cold Cream and swirl it in soft, creamy
circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.
2. Blush-rinse. Cream again with snowy-soft Pond's
Cold Cream. Swirl about 25 more creamy circles
over your face and throat. Tissue well.
3. Tingle your face with a splash
of cold water. Blot dry.

RESULT: Fresh colour floods
your skin. It has an instant clean,
sweet look, an instant softer,
silkier feel!



Pond's Cold Cream

PC 9-4

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Cold you'll need
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rich, zesty Heinz flavour*

That thick, rich, zesty tomato soup is here! Made from the new season's "Aristocrat" tomatoes — grown specially for Heinz — picked when red-ripe and immediately made into perfect soup. Buy several tins of each today — one a rich tomato soup of traditional character — the other a fine tomato soup garnished with vegetables.

*Try the
2 Varieties*



HEINZ TOMATO SOUP

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Tonight — SERVE HEINZ TOMATO SOUP . . PIPING HOT!

BACHELOR

By Our Food and
Cookery Experts

Girl

PREPARATION of a meal for one person calls for careful planning to avoid waste, and if the person is yourself the exercise of sufficient will-power to conquer the feeling that anything will do.

One way to avoid waste is to plan two or three days ahead. This saves shopping time, as well as cutting costs.

Four rib lamb chops will serve two meals. Two may be grilled, and the others, with a little trimming, will make good cutlets for crumbling.

Half a pound of beans should be sufficient for three meals, provided two other vegetables are served.

Half a pound of peas is usually enough for two meals.

It is sometimes possible to purchase a piece of undercut of blade steak, which is inexpensive, delicious in flavor when grilled, but only sufficient for one serving. If you are feeling reckless buy 1 lb. mushrooms to serve with it. What you save on the steak will practically pay for the mushrooms.

Remember all spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

BAKED DINNER FOR ONE

One joint of chicken (purchased already steamed), 1 rasher bacon, 2 pieces peeled potato, 1 piece pumpkin, 1 piece sweet potato or 1 medium-sized peeled onion, fat, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup water or vegetable stock.

Place bacon on top of chicken, wrap lightly in well-greased paper. Dry vegetables thoroughly, dust with salt and pepper. Place in very hot fat in large pie-dish, or very small baking-dish. Bake in hot oven, 20 to 25 minutes, turn vegetables and nest wrapped chicken on top. Bake 25 to 30 minutes longer. Remove paper from chicken, serve (with baked vegetables) on heated plate. Keep hot while making gravy. Drain all but 1 tablespoon fat from dish, add flour and brown. Stir in water or stock, season with salt and pepper. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Serve with chicken, baked vegetables, and any green vegetable desired.

STUFFED PRESERVED PEACHES

Two peach halves, 4 tablespoons stale cake-crumbs, 3 tablespoons coconut, 2 tablespoons syrup from peaches, 1 dessertspoon condensed milk, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, few drops almond essence, chopped nuts and cherries (or cream) to decorate.

Combine crumbs, coconut, condensed milk, lemon juice, peach syrup, almond essence. Fill into peach halves, top with chopped nuts and cherries or decorate with cream. If peach halves are large, quantity may be sufficient for two meals, particularly if finger biscuits and a scoop of ice-cream are added to each serving.

CRUMB-TOPPED FISH SAVORY

One cup flaked cooked fish (fresh or tinned), 1 cup soft bread-crumbs, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion and chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, salt, pepper, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Arrange alternate layers of fish and crumbs in small greased ovenware dish. Sprinkle each layer with onion and parsley, salt, pepper, and lemon rind. Pour milk in carefully. Top with layer of crumbs, sprinkle with grated cheese. Dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Prepare first, and allow to cook while preparing and cooking vegetables. Sufficient for one meal.

BANANA CHARLOTTE

Two small bananas, finger lengths of stale bread (about 1 in. thick), margarine or butter (to fry bread), grated pineapple (or apricot jam may be substituted), chopped nuts. Peel bananas, cut in halves lengthwise. Sauté in margarine or butter

until slightly softened. Remove, add bread fingers, fry golden brown on both sides. Place bread fingers in bottom of serving-dish, spread with grated pineapple or jam, sprinkle with nuts. Top with banana halves, add thin layer of grated pineapple or jam, and sprinkle again with chopped nuts. Serve cold.

BRAINS IN BLACK BUTTER

One or two sets brains, 1 thin slice of onion, thin piece lemon rind, 1 teaspoon salt water, 1oz butter or good table margarine, few drops

A GAY SPOT in your apartment is the best place for a dinner table. Here is a baked meal for one, set on an attractively laid cloth.

lemon juice, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley.

Wash brains, soak 5 to 10 minutes in salted water. Remove skin and membrane. Place in cold water, bring to boil, drain. Cover with fresh cold water, add onion, lemon rind, and salt. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes. During last five minutes of cooking time melt butter or margarine, cook gently until golden brown (not really black), add lemon juice and parsley.

Drain brains, serve on heated plate, pour over black butter. One serving.

PASTRY-CASES WITH SWEET FILLINGS

When you have a spare hour make 4oz shortcrust pastry. Roll thinly, cut into rounds and line deep patty-tins—approximately 12 to 15 patty-cases. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 8 to 10 minutes. Remove from patty-tins

when cold, store in airtight tin until required. For a quick sweet fill with either of the following fillings and reheat before serving.

CHOCOLATE CREAM FILLING

Blend 1 teaspoon cornflour with 1 cup milk. Add 1 dessertspoon sugar. Stir until boiling. Fold in few drops vanilla, and 2 squares grated dark chocolate.

LEMON CREAM FILLING

Combine 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Mix well together.





Here's the HOOVER JUNIOR — designed for the smaller carpeted home. It cleans "much bigger" than its size and, like its big brother — it beats — as it sweeps — as it cleans — as only a HOOVER can do. Light to handle — smart to look at — compact to store — it also handles all above-floor cleaning with remarkable efficiency.

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FISHER'S
IS QUICK

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FOR FLOORS, LINOS & FURNITURE
For dark woods ask for FISHER'S DARK STAIN (WAXTANE)

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Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods? No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco.

No dopes, no smokes, no injections, no atomizers. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free, easy breathing, and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years
Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing, but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

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The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco
Now in 2 sizes 6/- and 12/-



EVEN when days are cool, it's a good idea to serve salads occasionally to add extra vitamins and minerals to the diet. Sliced luncheon meat, with cucumber and tomato, is served with a colorful salad of lettuce, orange and apple wedges, cheese, pickled onions, and olives.

Best of the week..

● A delicious blending of mutton chops, onion, apples, fruit chutney, and sauce makes this week's £10 prizewinner a dish to serve again and again.

SWEET corn and ham savory is a tasty luncheon dish which may be converted into a pie. Fill uncooked mixture into uncooked 8in. pastry case. Bake in hot oven for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, and continue cooking until filling is set, about 25 to 30 minutes.

During the current £3000 Cookery Contest, this page will still be reserved for your home-tested recipes. The same generous prizes will be awarded—£10 first prize, with consolation prizes of £1 each.

Recipes of all types are welcome; mark envelopes "Readers' Recipes" and include name and address (including State) on every page. Send as many entries as you wish both for this competition and the £3000 contest.

All spoon measurements in these recipes refer to level spoons.

MOCK SQUAB CASSEROLE

Six lamb or mutton chump chops, 2 large onions, 3 tablespoons fruit chutney, 3 green apples, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup stock or water flavored with 1 teaspoon or more of meat or vegetable extract, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 large tomatoes.

Trim chops, removing loose pieces of bone and as much fat as possible. Peel and slice onions; peel, core, and slice apples. Place 2 chops in bottom of casserole, cover with 1-3rd sliced onion and 1-3rd sliced apple. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, add 1 tablespoon of chutney. Repeat these layers twice, using all ingredients. Pour over stock or water mixed with sauces, cover with lid. Place in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 1½ to 1¾ hours until meat is tender. Remove lid, cover with layer of sliced tomatoes (skinned if liked), return to oven for further 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot. If desired, mint sauce may be served with the casserole.

First Prize of £10 to Miss S. Matheson, 29 Bond St., Grafton, N.S.W.

WALNUT-TOPPED PUMPKIN PIE

Six ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 cup milk, 11 cups cooked and mashed pumpkin or gramma, 1 cup finely chopped walnuts.

Roll pastry on floured board, line 8in. tart-case, pinch frill around edge. Glaze base and sides with little egg-white, allow to dry. Beat eggs, add sugar and milk. Fold in spices and pumpkin or gramma. Pour into prepared pastry-case, top



HOT APPLE and rhubarb tart with meringue topping. Use 1½ cups apple pulp and 1½ cups cooked rhubarb, drained and flavored with lemon rind.

with walnuts, bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric), cook further 25 to 30 minutes until filling is set. Serve hot or cold with cream, ice-cream, or custard.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Cook, 68a Lambton Rd., Broadmeadow, N.S.W.

SWEET CORN AND HAM SAVORY

One cup cooked sweet corn (or 1 tin), 1lb. minced ham, 2 eggs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon finely chopped chives or onion.

Beat eggs well, add salt and pepper. Fold in corn, ham, parsley, and chives or onion. Place nut of butter in pan, melt, add savory mixture. Cook steadily, stirring frequently until mixture thickens (7 to 10 minutes). Serve piping hot with triangles of toast or toast fingers. Garnish with tomato wedges and parsley sprigs.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. N. Hansen, 34 Were St., Brighton Beach, Vic.

WHOLEMEAL CARAMEL SPICE CAKE

Four ounces margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon mixed spice, pinch salt, 2 cups wholemeal self-raising flour, 6 tablespoons hot milk or water, quantity of caramel icing, chopped nuts to decorate.

Cream margarine or butter, lemon rind, brown sugar, and golden syrup. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Mix (do not sift) flour, salt, and spices together. Fold into creamed mixture. Lastly fold in hot milk or water. Fill into greased and lined tin, or 8in. cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 30 to 35 minutes. Leave 1 or 2 minutes in tin before turning out on to cake-cooler. When cold, ice with caramel icing and top with walnuts.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. P. Rosenberg, 8 Moresby St., Wayville, S.A.



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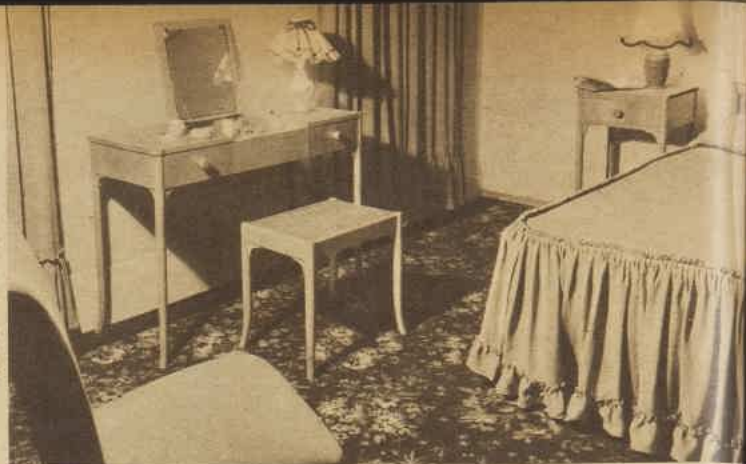
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THEY'RE NEW...
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TRY THE NEW
HANSEN'S
FRUIT FLAVOURED
JUNKET TABLETS



GIRL'S ROOM.
This room has been furnished in natural light timber, mauve-colored accessories, and a deep blue floral carpet. The bed-head and boudoir stool are made from cane. Cosmetic table has a lid that lifts up to show a mirror, and can also be used as a desk.



Designed for Australian living



LIVING-ROOM. Swedish-style furniture in natural silver ash and Queensland maple, upholstered in tapestry. The walls are soft green-grey, the carpets are bottle-green, and the chair and settee shocking-pink and soft grey-green.

PARTICULARLY suited to the Australian climate and way of life is functional furniture designed by Joyce Brown, of Anthony Hordern's, Sydney, and exhibited at the Royal Show. Examples of it are illustrated on these pages.

Although wall colors were shown in pastel tones, striking colors were introduced into the furnishings, especially in lounge and sun rooms.

Queensland maple, silky oak, beech, silver ash, and cedar were among the woods used, and upholstery fabrics were selected to harmonise with them.

Designs seemed based in some cases on Swedish and American lines.

A terrace designed by an ex-member of the R.A.A.F., Tim Anderson, attracted much attention as a setting for the outdoor furniture.—EVE GYE.

OVERHEAD view of stone-paved terrace with wrought-iron and silky oak outdoor furniture with colored duck seats and backs.



MODEL KITCHEN. Color scheme is pink, red, and turquoise. The colors were matched to the wall clock, hands and numerals of which were painted with nail lacquer.



BACHELOR ROOM. People who live in small apartments appreciate space-saving unit furniture. This room is designed in beech, and upholstery is of plaid materials and tapestries. Day-beds have built-in drawers; the dressing-table can be used as a desk; and the extension table will seat six. Rearrangement is easy.



DRESSING-ROOM, adjoining the main bedroom, furnished in Queensland maple and silver ash. Color scheme is blue-grey and off-white; vivid touch provided by tangerine armchair.



A MAIN BEDROOM. Queensland maple with a contrasting timber is used in this room, which has yellow-and-grey-striped satin with plum-colored accessories and grey carpet. The sliding-top cosmetic table is new.



DINING-ROOM. Adjoining the living-room, the dining-room is furnished with cedar, continuing color theme, with a soft pink wall which gives warmth. The extension dining-table seats eight comfortably.



SUNROOM. An outdoor impression is obtained by big louvered windows. The furniture is of silky oak. Cushioned benches and chairs are upholstered in canary-colored duck—supported by interlaced rope seats and backs.

THE PLACE OF FAT IN THE DIET

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

FAT is an important factor in the diet, especially that of all young things, when the body is using more energy. Fat is the most concentrated of all the "energy" foods, and it contains two valuable vitamins (A and D), essential for good nutrition.

If some fat was not taken in food daily, a much larger quantity of starchy and sweet foods (also energy foods) would have to be used.

Diabetics who have to limit foods that produce sugar in the system must have more fat, so get an extra ration of butter and are allowed cream.

The fat that the body does not at once make use of is stored in fatty tissue under the skin and also helps to protect various organs such as the kidneys.

Too much fat in the diet can cause obesity, although this is more often caused by starchy and sweet foods.

Every mother has to be most careful how she introduces fat into the diet of a very young bottle-fed baby, as fat is the most difficult of the food-components for an artificially fed baby to digest.

Often too rich a milk is used for making the milk-mixture in the early weeks, and baby's digestion is upset. Symptoms are usually motions that look greasy and contain large quantities of soft white curds, and small, sour, curdy vomits occurring between feeds.

Some babies and toddlers have a definite intolerance to fat, and if this is found to be the case, expert advice regarding a suitable well-balanced diet should be sought.

The expectant mother often has to adjust the amount of fat she can take, especially if she has nausea or heartburn, or if she is putting on more than the normal amount of weight.

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 "They must live in their shoes,
 so each lass and lad'll
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G020P. Black Patent
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 Edge, machine sewn
 soles. Sizes 9-5.



S243T. Tan Calf
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 Trim. Also in black
 patent. Sizes 3-1.

N.V.11



1239

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 1239—BABY'S LAYETTE

Cut out and ready to machine and embroider, baby set is in fine twill spun in cream only. Work in pastel colors and finish with a narrow lace edging (lace not supplied).

Price: Frock 12/9, postage 41d. Coat 14/6, postage 51d. Nightgown 13/9, postage 51d. Petticoat 6/11, postage 41d. Pilchers 3/9, postage 31d. Complete set 49/9, postage 1/3.

No. 1240—SET OF BIBS

Set of bibs in white huckaback is traced ready to embroider and machine on the edges. Size, 8 x 11in. Price, 9d. each, postage 11d. Set of three, 2/-, postage 21d.

No. 1241—LUNCHEON SET

Luncheon set is traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen and sheer linen in pastel-blue, lemon, green, and pink, also white.

Measurements: Centre mat, 11in. x 17in.; place mat, 11in. x 11in.; cup-and-saucer mats, 5in. x 3in.; table napkins, 11in. x 11in. Price: Nine-piece set, comprising 1 centre, 4 place, 4 cup-and-saucer mats, price 14/11, postage 101d. Thirteen-piece set, comprising 1 centre, 8 place, 4 cup-and-saucer mats, price 16/11, postage 1/3. Table napkins to match, 1/3 each, postage 15d.

No. 1242—SMOCK SUIT

Smock suit is cut out ready to sew and embroider; full instructions are given. The material is a twill spun in pastel pink and blue.

Sizes: 6-12 months, length 16in., 14/9, postage 61d.; 1 year, length 17in., 15/6, postage 61d.; 2 years, length 18in., 16/3, postage 71d. When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1241 and 1242, please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



1241



1242



F5506



F5502



F5504



F5503



F5505

Fashion PATTERNS

F5502.—Shirt frock styled with three-quarter-length sleeves and a deep inverted pleat centre-front of skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 31yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5503.—Small boy's button-up one-piece pyjama suit. Sizes 25, 29, and 31in. lengths, or 1, 2, and 3 years. Requires 21yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

F5504.—A man's tailored dressing-gown with contrast used for revers, pockets, and cuffs. Sizes S.M., M., and O.S. Requires 4yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/4.

F5505.—Two-piece suit with back interest created by unpressed pleats. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5506.—Glamorous lace-trimmed bridal gown. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 15yds. 36in. material and 10yds. 4in. lace plus 2yds. 2in. lace. Price, 4/9.

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 41.

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